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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THIS week the Government have introduced a Bill to remove some of the smaller abuses of the dole. The measure will no doubt pass before the House rises next month—the Socialists are, in practice at least, as intent on punctual holidays as the Tories whom they used to denounce as popinjays—but there is no prospect whatever of the present Government, either now or at any future time, putting the system back to a recognizable insurance basis.

This simply means, of course, in practice that the money advanced on account will have to be written off as lost, if not by this Government, then by the next; for the money has been, and is

being spent, day by day and week by week, and there is no proposal whatever of getting it back. Mr. Snowden, however, for all his supporters have nicknamed him the "Iron Chancellor," has no stomach for that reform.

Nor, indeed, has he or his party the moral right to tackle the abuse. Reform, like Charity, should begin at home, and the proper gesture with which to open a campaign of economy and retrenchment would be a cut of, say, 10 per cent. in the salaries of Ministers and Members of Parliament. Some of the great shipping companies, faced by the seriousness of the financial position, have cut the salaries of directors and officers this year; but the ship of State, which is labouring heavily in the trough of depression, shows no sign of following suit.

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It is clear, however, that the situation will not wait indefinitely on the procrastination of Ministers. The immediate outcome of the Hoover moratorium proposals, and the extension of the moratorium to the Dominions, is that the British Budget of 1932 cannot possibly balance. Indeed, Members of Parliament are already beginning to talk of a supplementary Budget during the autumn session to clear the way for the heavy deficit which is inevitable next year.

Meanwhile, the talk of an autumn General Election, which was common form in all parties a month ago, has now receded; the earliest date tolerated by rumour at the moment is January, 1932. These calculations, so far as can be ascertained, rest on no more solid a basis than the fact that Mr. Winston Churchill is booked for an autumn lecturing tour in the United States, and it is argued that he would not have deserted Epping for Idaho and Wyoming had he felt there was any prospect of a sudden appeal to the constituencies.

Mr. Lloyd George's attack on Sir John Simon in the House of Commons seems to have made it impossible for the latter to join the Conservative Party at present without some sacrifice of dignity, if not self-respect. Probably that was Mr. Lloyd George's object; otherwise what was the point of his opprobrious reference to office?

"Office" is generally taken to mean the Lord Chancellorship in the next Conservative Government. But Sir John Simon has already twice refused the Lord Chancellorship—it was pressed upon him when Loreburn and Haldane retired—and rumour to-day credits him with the desire for the India Office, not the Woolsack.

Having been sidetracked by other Parliamentary business, there is, I am told, a strong possibility that the Bill for legalizing Sunday cinema performances will not be passed by the time that the House rises for the summer recess at the end of the month. In the meantime, all sorts of amendments are being put forward with a view to emasculating the measure, although Sir Cooper Rawson, M.P., who sits for Brighton, has made the useful suggestion that boroughs and urban district councils should be included among the licensing authorities. This proposal is aimed at the system under which a kill-joy county council can at present veto the desire of towns in its area for innocent Sunday recreation.

The cloven hoof of the Government's native policy in Africa is obvious in Mr. Thomas's rejection of the idea of an early amalgamation of the Rhodesias. There is more of Lord Passfield than Mr. Thomas in the summary dismissal of the proposal. Both South and North are anxious for union, and it is generally agreed that conditions now are more favourable than they are likely to be ten years hence. The record of Southern Rhodesia in its treatment of the natives should be a sufficient guarantee that there would be no risk of undue exploitation in the North. The Government might at least have convened a conference.

Mr. Lang has set constitutionalists a neat problem. Is the Governor of an Australian State bound to take the advice of his Ministers? One thing at least is clear: If the Governor follows his Ministers' advice, they are responsible for his actions; if he does not follow it, somebody else must be responsible, for it is contrary to the practice of British constitutions for the head of a State to exercise personal responsibility.

In the case of the self-governing Overseas Empire, the "somebody else" can only be the Secretary of the State for the Dominions. So far as the Dominions proper are concerned, the matter was finally decided as a consequence of Lord Byng's difficulties while Governor-General of Canada. It is now settled that a Governor-General is not the Secretary of State's nominee. He is, therefore, bound to accept the advice of the Ministers who move the Crown to appoint him.

It is, however, by no means clear that the Australian States have Dominion status. On the face of it they have not, for appointments to State Governorships are not made on the recommendation of the State Ministry, nor yet of the Commonwealth Ministry. In the other Federal Dominions, indeed, the Central Government appoints the provincial governors, but for that very reason they are local men.

* * *

The Report of the Royal Commission on Labour in India will hardly receive the attention it deserves because of its length. It is, however, an exhaustive and conscientious study of Indian labour conditions, and should do much to end ill-informed diatribes about the exploitation of cheap labour in India. Conditions of life in Indian industrial centres are not good compared with conditions in Europe, but they frequently represent an improvement on life in a country village where the population cannot be adequately supported by the land.

Emphasis is wisely laid on the need for improving conditions rather than on raising wages, and it is difficult to resist the suspicion that the Commission realize more clearly than they will admit that higher wages will frequently result in more absenteeism rather than higher earnings. They rightly attack the "labour-jobbers" who supply workers to employers, and whose large profits are made chiefly out of the ignorant and indebted workers in whom they deal.

Considerable interest was aroused by our article last week on the boycott, and some discussion has taken place as to whether the boycott does not amount to a criminal conspiracy. There is no doubt at all that so long as it was admittedly political it was admittedly a criminal conspiracy; whether it is still political is, of course, a matter of controversy. A short article on the legal position of the boycott will be published in the SATURDAY REVIEW next week.

* * *

The dispute between Church and State in Italy seems to have reached the "you're another" stage, and it is marked by that lack of restraint which bitter experience has taught me always

to expect when high ecclesiastical authorities are concerned. Personally, I am rather inclined to agree with the Vatican that there is a danger of worship of the State being carried to excess in Italy, but as the champion of civil and religious liberty, I find the Pope a little unconvincing.

Furthermore, if he dislikes the tenets of Fascism so much, why did he make the Lateran Treaty? Mussolini had been in office for seven years when this took place, and whatever may be the failings of the Duce, the concealment of his views is not one of them. The attitude of Fascism towards non-Fascist bodies has never changed, and it was the same two years ago as to-day. It is not easy to see why the Church should suddenly take such strong exception to it.

In these circumstances, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that there is more in the matter than meets the eye, and that what is really annoying the Pope is the Fascist toleration of Protestant propaganda. If this is not the case, as I hope it is not, then it would surely be advisable for the Church to issue an official statement, saying that it is prepared to extend the same toleration to Protestants in Italy that it claims for itself in other countries. The world would then know exactly where the two parties to the present dispute stand.

A legal correspondent writes: "If the Lord Chancellor sees fit to ask Parliament to increase the number of High Court judges by a fresh appointment, or even by two, litigants and their legal advisers—both solicitors and counsel—will unhesitatingly approve. Indeed, the present shortage of judges has recently led to a good deal of criticism and resentment, not only in the Temple, but in the provinces.

"The late innovation of having both civil and criminal cases tried as a general practice by Commissioners of Assize at Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds and Bristol is neither dignified nor in accordance with the traditions of the Royal Proclamation. Why should King's Counsel be given a sort of temporary licence of High Court jurisdiction, extending over a number of days, simply because Parliament refuses to provide sufficient judges?"

Once again the report is going round that London will shortly have a new evening paper; it is said that the arrangements provisionally pursued for the last two years are now almost completed. Only three evening papers, the *Standard*, *Star* and *Evening News*, are at present published in London, so there should be plenty of room for a fourth, especially if it takes up an independent position and is content to have a "class" rather than a "popular" appeal.

It is interesting to recall that before the war no fewer than nine evening papers were published in London, and I have heard many who were not merely *laudatores temporis acti* say that they preferred the old *Pall Mall*, *Westminster* and *Globe*

—to say nothing of the never-to-be-forgotten *St. James's Gazette*—to the evening sheets of to-day. They had, of course, much smaller circulations, but most of them had an influence entirely out of proportion to their sales.

In regard to the controversy now raging between the Minister of Transport and the Taxi League, I find myself in sympathy with the League, and, incidentally, with the taxi-driver and the public. If the number of omnibuses were reduced, and large touring charabancs and horse-driven vehicles forbidden to use important thoroughfares, it would not seriously incommode anyone; but if it is no longer possible to hail a passing taxicab in thirty or so of the most important streets in London, such as Brompton Road, Buckingham Palace Road, Charing Cross Road, Bond Street, Oxford Street and Piccadilly, life in London will be more difficult and unpleasant than it is already.

The French Exhibition which is to be held next year at the Royal Academy, in succession to the Italian and Persian Exhibitions, is already taking shape. Opinions differed considerably at the start as to the scope of the exhibition; the original idea was to confine it to pictures and prints, but broader counsels have since prevailed, and it has now been arranged to include some of the best furniture of all the great periods, as well as tapestry and carpets.

It was good to see Oxford win the 'Varsity cricket match for the first time since 1923. But they had to thank an Indian for their victory. The Nawab of Pataudi's record of 238 not out was a magnificent performance, and one that will long be remembered by those who saw it. The Nawab's success encourages one to hope that it might be possible for England to meet an All-India Eleven in a Test Match, and if the Indians were able to beat us at Lord's they might not be so ready to oppose us in their own country.

I sympathize with editors who have to fill their columns whether there is any news or not, but I can only deplore the arrival of the Sea-Serpent once again in Fleet Street. He has just been discovered by the popular press, and will, no doubt, occupy a great deal of space during the remainder of the silly season. Are there no more important subjects worthy of the attention of the papers?

The Headmaster of Rugby has been lamenting the poverty of intellect in England. True, no doubt; but in the same issue of the *Morning Post* which reported his speech, there was an advertisement from one of the public schools offering specially reduced terms to boys who were good at games. When brawn is at a premium, and brains at a discount, in the very schools, can we wonder at the poverty of intellect?

THE HOOVER TRUCE

THOSE of us who for many a weary week have seen the securities in which we are interested steadily marked down, can but rejoice that, as the result of the acceptance of Mr. Hoover's proposals, the Stock Exchanges of the world are at long last optimistic. It is true that these particular markets are almost as temperamental as the traditional artist or man of letters, and that in too many cases those who manipulate them are liable to be mistaken; yet, even so, the world has for so considerable a period been plunged in gloom that any display of optimism, in whatever quarter, cannot but be welcome. In short, for the moment it matters little whether the moratorium is going to achieve all that is hoped for it; a large number of people believe that it will, and that in itself is a step in the right direction.

Upon the statesmen of the world, however, and especially upon those of Europe, there rests the responsibility of utilizing this revival of hope in such a way as shall ensure the definite return towards prosperity. The moratorium is in the nature of an armistice, and it will have no permanent meaning at all unless it can be made to serve as the basis of a settled peace. It remains, of course, to be seen whether it has come in time to save Germany from total collapse, but even if this happy result should be achieved, it is clear that things can never be the same again. The whole financial settlement which was effected at the end of the war, and which has, incidentally, been repeatedly modified since, is once again in the melting-pot, and we earnestly hope that those responsible for arriving at a solution of the problem will learn the lessons taught by the past twelve years. A scheme which has broken down so hopelessly must have some radical defect.

The plain fact is that the events of the next

twelve months are likely to decide the fate of mankind for the rest of the century. The Austro-German Customs Union and the Disarmament Conference were already on the European agenda, and to these has now been added the whole problem of war debts. It is not too much to say that by this time next year we shall know whether the period that lies ahead is to be one of peace or one of repeated international crises ending in another war. The importance of Mr. Hoover's proposals lies in the fact that they afford a breathing-space in which it will be possible to work out some solution of these problems. They are not, and were never intended to be, an end in themselves; indeed, the possibility is already being discussed that the moratorium may have to be prolonged for more than a year. The existing solution is purely fluid and provisional, and it is as well that this fact should be appreciated.

If the maximum benefit is to be obtained from the present truce, it will be by looking forward and not back. We are living in 1931, not in 1918, and if any permanent settlement is to be reached, it can only be by taking this fact into account. By agreeing to accept President Hoover's suggestion, France has progressed further along the road of conciliation than at one time seemed possible, while from the very beginning Great Britain and Italy showed themselves favourable; it therefore only remains for Germany to do nothing to disturb a situation which is so much to her advantage. A great deal of water has flowed under the bridges since the Treaty of Versailles was signed, and all of us, victors and vanquished alike, are sadder and wiser than we were then. We now realize that none of us, not even the United States, can stand alone, and it is to be hoped that the realization of this truth will be the basis of the coming settlement.

THE COST OF LIVING

ON the strength of a seasonal fall in the price of bacon, or butter, or imported eggs, a certain section of the Stunt Press periodically informs its readers that the cost of living really has come down. And quite a number of people contrive to swallow this fable, despite the evidence to the contrary of their tradesmen's books and pass books. For a number of reasons, it is very difficult for the average man to arrive at definite conclusions on the subject. Every newspaper reader knows that one of the main causes of world-wide economic depression is the immense fall in the price of primary commodities, but so long as there is a perceptible lag between the reduction of wholesale and retail prices, as, for instance, in the case of wheat and the wheaten loaf, the producer's plight does not spell a corresponding gain to the producer. Then there is the tendency, also world-wide, to reduce wages and salaries in all industries; it is not of much avail to assure a working man that he is the better off for a 10 per cent. reduction in prices when the decrease is accompanied by a corresponding cut

in his wages. Finally, the cost of living index number is more than suspect; it is based on the price of too many commodities for the resulting average figure to be a criterion; the basis of its compilation makes it largely inapplicable to the middle classes; and, as has so often been pointed out by the trade unions, it does not truly represent the position of the average artisan family. Moreover, as has been emphasized by Lord Eustace Percy, "It is almost incredible that the cost of living index figure, on which wages are so largely based, is founded on a special survey, undertaken more than twenty-five years ago, of less than two thousand family budgets."

So much for the official index number. We shall be on safer ground if we make a survey of actual prices with reference both to the pre-war level and to-day's standard of incomes. In making such a survey we shall at once discover that certain essential foodstuffs, such as fresh vegetables, nearly all fruit, and bread, cost much more than could be justified on the basis of the index number. These are also the commodities

on which the primary producer is very hard put to make even a modest profit. Meat, despite the immense losses in recent years of the importing companies, still commands an excessive retail price, while English meat, which sells at almost the same price as was reached during the post-armistice peak, is a luxury for the wealthy and the well-to-do. Fish, notwithstanding the "Eat More" campaigns, is also maintained at quite unjustifiable price levels. Bacon has certainly become cheaper, but man cannot live by bacon alone, and although eggs and butter are also cheaper, the difference in price between the British and the imported product, whether of foreign or Empire origin, represents one of the problems of present-day economics.

So far, we have dealt only with essential food-stuffs: that is, with the primary items of the domestic budget. Coal, another essential, retails at approximately twice the pre-war price. Clothes are certainly cheaper, especially so far as men are concerned, and so is furniture, but anyone who endeavours to use these facts as proof of a reduction in the cost of living is conveniently overlooking that the purchase of a suit or a chest of drawers is not a daily or weekly necessity.

Finally, there is no sign of reduction in the charge for professional services, nor in that of a host of others, such as plumbers, builders, etc.

The plain fact of the matter is that the cost of living will show no appreciable reduction so long as there remains the present excessive difference between the profits made on the one hand by middlemen and retailers, and on the other hand by the actual producers, whether manufacturers or agriculturists. It is one of the economic evils of our time that people find it far more profitable to sell an article than to make it, with the result that the great stores pay handsome dividends while the manufacturers who supply them are threatened with bankruptcy; that little greengrocers buy motor-cars while the farmers are actually going bankrupt. It is a topsy-turvy system which exalts the intermediary at the expense of the people essential to the community, and holds the mass of the population up to ransom. And so long as the system endures, neither official index numbers nor fanciful newspaper stories of an age of cheapness and plenty will convince anyone who takes the trouble to arrive at the facts.

THE ALTERNATIVE FOR 1932

BY BENITO MUSSOLINI

DARK forebodings had hovered over the face of Europe for many weeks, and even these bright summer days could not serve to bring out a ray of hope in the economic situation. The year 1932 coming upon us with relentless regularity could only be seen as a critical year in which order and restoration were bound to hang in the balance. We had the premonition of a miserable and unhappy winter and this one more winter of misery would have precipitated disaster upon us.

The Hoover proposals came as the advance-guard of relief in this troubled world. It means sacrifice for all, but it certainly is the most practical step yet taken toward the resurrection of the world's economic life. For France, of course, it will mean a noteworthy sacrifice. Britain and the United States will contribute handsomely by their self-denial, while Italy stands ready to forgo approximately £2,400,000 by the operation of President Hoover's plan. We are ready for it, as was proved by the prompt acceptance which made us the first to adhere unconditionally to the great step.

The Hoover proposals offer us the chance to come through the winter and to return to the high road of normal conditions. What has been happening demanded a remedy such as this, for we were surely face to face with the prospect of catastrophe, in which it was not too pessimistic to say that had not something been done and had we suffered another winter of hardship, Bolshevism might have swept across the Vistula and no one could have foreseen where it would finish. There would have been repercussions throughout the civilized world, and America would not have escaped the shock.

More than 20,000,000 men are unemployed in the industrial countries alone. There are nations to-day who are on the ragged edge of disaster; disaster which might at any moment throw the whole organization of the State completely out of gear and spread political and social panic throughout the world.

Economic stagnation has stared us in the face for two years, and with this American initiative we can just barely begin to see the brightening of the horizon.

Even to-day, we are witnessing tragic international events which final acceptance of the Hoover plan should allay and mitigate. That is to say, until the announcement that the Government of the United States would jump into the breach, things were threateningly on the down grade and only a step like this could have thwarted disaster.

Symptomatic and highly indicative of this international confusion was the failure of the great Austrian financial institution, the Credit Anstalt. This was not the mere closing of a bank, but the ruin of a nation's economic and financial force. Through this institution, 70 per cent. of the industry and trade of Austria carried on their transactions, we are told. Failure after failure in the industries which formed its foundation finally caused the destruction of the massive superstructure which Credit Anstalt was. It was a financial disaster which demonstrated that the economic situation of Austria was indeed serious, if not incurable.

And this whole disaster occurred on the morrow of the entirely useless Geneva conversations—just after the delegates of all the nations of Europe had been discussing solutions for the economic ills of this continent. Their projects and counter-projects all ended by the one neutralizing the other, and finally only a great blank remained. And it has all shown how futile these international conferences have become, for staring us brazenly in the face is the stark reality of a crumbling Europe, and yet the delegates had hardly got on their trains when a whole nation's economy and finance was confronted with ruin and obliteration.

In governing Italy, I have never shirked from accepting the responsibility of our problems and finding the way to solve them. We need a little more responsible courage. I have never found that turning one's back on a hard task, or trying to evade a difficult situation, or postponing a duty, shilly-shallying and vacillating, is of any effective help. Generally, it only results in greater harm. And, in the international field, we must get

more individual responsibility and less collective delay and filibuster.

In the case of the crash of the Credit Anstalt, the help which the League of Nations rushed to suffering Austria was decidedly inadequate. This was an indication that the evil was organic and constitutional within the Austrian State, which is quite natural when it is considered that the roots of the trouble are to be traced in the fall of a powerful empire, now replaced by a small republic of six million inhabitants, two million of whom are concentrated in the single city of Vienna. The old empire counted more than fifty million inhabitants, and possessed a formidable military, civil and financial organization, which was complete and sufficient, and strengthened by agricultural and industrial self-sufficiency. The present little republic lives in a complete lack of balance with an overwhelming urban population to be supported by the sparse yield of a limited agricultural territory.

As usual, Austria, accustomed to international help, despairingly sent out its S.O.S. The first life-belt was thrown to her by the International Bank of Payments in Basle. This came in the form of a loan of a 100,000,000 shillings, and was found hopelessly insufficient to heal the breach. Italy also participated in this loan, and with us, other bankers flew to Austria's assistance from Paris, London and Zurich, while Berlin simply resigned herself to observing the disaster.

There is no doubt that the salvage of the Credit Anstalt, and, therefore, of the whole Austrian economy, will have its counterpart, namely: the postponement of the Zollverein until a more convenient season. This was the proposed customs union with Germany, which, in the light of present events, was an attempt induced by utter despair. What can two failing economic systems, impoverished to the point of desperation, hope for by uniting with each other? Nothing, unless economic union was to serve as a blind for a political plan.

That brings us to the plight of Germany. This is infinitely worse than that of Austria. Germany is a country numbering 66,000,000 inhabitants, and the destiny of such a nation cannot leave Europe indifferent to her fate. No, not even America can close her eyes to the downward trend of German economic morals and reality. The impression is easily gained that the crisis in Germany has increased in tensely rather than diminished during the last few weeks. The hopes for a resumption last spring have vanished, and we are now in summer with little to brighten the economic sky following the failures and disasters. It will be necessary to steel the nerves for the winter.

And this winter will be hard for most of Europe. We must now prepare to face the difficulties which we are going to meet. These are the days when statesmen must quicken their efforts, for now we are looking at a great interrogation point. It hovers before us, and upon the way we decide may rest the future of Europe and the world.

I am not one who would dramatize a situation excessively, either from my own personal point of view or from that of the general angle. But it is my duty to warn those who have the interests of humanity at heart that one more winter of misery and hardship and a great part of Europe may be Bolshevized. The sure and definite signs are written on the wall, and now is the time to act and prevent it.

We must not nurse illusions that civilization is a permanent gift, or that progress is always moving onwards automatically and fatally for the betterment of mankind. Other civilizations have failed and have been destroyed; first by hardly imperceptible signs, and then with a great crash. As soon as we show ourselves unworthy of keeping our heritage, we may be sure that the implacable law of destiny will

destroy that heritage under our very eyes. The earth is everywhere strewn with the ruins of great and powerful civilizations. Where are Egypt, Babylon, Persia, Greece and Rome? They crumbled beneath adverse forces as a stone crushed by an overpowering machine. We cannot be too circumspect in saving and continuing that which has been handed to us for safe keeping if we want to prevent the fall of Western civilization and the doom of the white man.

There are symptoms of the break-up even to-day. The middle classes may embrace Bolshevism without resistance. It presages the signs of the times when one learns that a German organization of farmers, only a few days ago, publicly announced their acceptance of communism and their adhesion to the progress of the German communist party. And more, the middle-class intellectuals, who, in a country with the great kultur of Germany, exercise an enormous influence, indulge lavishly in communistic conceptions.

Besides, where there is unrest and misery among the masses, the search for some haven, no matter what it may be, so long as it offers relief from the ills which oppress them, quickly enlists their rampant spirits. Unrest and misery would be an excellent gelatine for the culture of the bacilli of communism, which, when once they had spread beyond the Vistula and conquered the territories to the Rhine, would threaten to extend still further and disseminate its contagious epidemic through Europe and the world.

No barrier would be left for the defence of Western civilization. America must not harbour illusions that the ocean, wide as it is, protects her from the waves of moral infection. Mankind to-day is in touch with itself despite distance, and political disease has a mysterious power of propagating to the far reaches of space, if the germ is not stifled in its very first show of life. The days of "splendid isolation" are over. No country can be an island, politically and economically. We must recognize the solidarity of Europe for better or worse as a basic fact in civilization.

There is no time to lose. This is the moment for those who have been running oratorical races to cease, and answer for the politics of the world. The great international political surgeons have stood too long about the bedside of the patient, trying to get some agreement on the nature of the disease. It is now necessary to administer the remedies, otherwise intervention may be too late and the patient already about to die.

The first measure to be taken must be of a political nature. It is necessary to assure the world at least a ten-year period of peace. Russia has come forth with its five-year plan for its attempted economic rehabilitation, and likewise the world, after a decade of post-war misery, now awaits a plan which can guarantee it a decade of well-assured peace.

For this reason, the disarmament conference summoned in Geneva, for February 2, 1932, is of the most pressing importance. It is not alone the existence of the League of Nations which is at stake, but the destinies of the human race. Profound desire with a sincere and determined will must be concentrated to ensure that this conference will not be a failure; for, if it should fail, it could, alas, be considered as the prologue of the catastrophe.

The Government of the United States has shown its desire to help humanity in the formulation of the recent proposals of the President. May I be permitted to go a step further and to insist most energetically on calling the attention of English public opinion to the great issues at stake in the not too distant future? The year 1932 will either spell doom or progress. We stand before a terrible dilemma: either resumption of the passing into chaos of this civilization.

THE NEW POPULATION PROBLEM

BY A. WYATT TILBY

IF there are no surprises in the preliminary census figures published this week there is much ground for serious thought. The population of England and Wales, unlike that of Scotland, still shows an increase on the decennial period, but the rate of increment has been declining for the last fifty years, and it is now falling steadily towards the level plane at which gains by birth do little more than replace losses by death. In this respect England has followed France, though with certain local differences of age-distribution due to different infant and mortality rates in the two countries; Germany now follows England, and Italy (despite the precept of Mussolini) follows Germany; while America—at least the Eastern United States—in this matter follows Europe.

The declining birth-rate, in fact, has become common to the whole Western world. It was foreseen a century ago by a thinker whom Macaulay misunderstood and denounced in a now almost forgotten essay; but while the prophecy was obviously right, the reasons given by the early Benthamites were demonstrably wrong. There is no mysterious law of inverse squares which operates to reduce the ratio of increase of population, at any rate so long as the globe can be made to produce more than enough food for its human beings; nor does the continued drift from town to country account, as was at one time thought probable, for the slowing down of the natural increment—the rural districts are in fact everywhere stationary or on the decline, while the actual increases are almost wholly in the pronouncedly urban districts, and more particularly in and around London and its satellite towns. The metropolis no longer, as in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, attracts life merely in order to destroy it; it is now extraordinarily healthy, and produces more life than it consumes.

Is life a boon?
If so it must befall
That Death whene'er he call
Must call too soon.

If the poet is right, then England must be almost an earthly paradise, for life is longer and more secure now than ever before. Infantile mortality has been reduced, if not to the lowest conceivable point, at least to the lowest point hitherto known; while sanitation, medicine, and improved social habits have extended old age far beyond the psalmist's normal span. It is odd to think that when Gibbon regarded the age of the Antonines as the golden period of the Roman Empire, the historian should have forgotten the terrible epidemics of bubonic plague which ravaged the capital and the provinces in the second century A.D. It is even odder to think that some future Gibbon may regard the present as the golden age of England, simply because the Registrar-General's returns show that life lasts much longer than in the very heyday of Elizabethan conquest and Victorian prosperity.

The consequent "weighting" of the population (to use the technical term) with a large proportion of men and women above the normal age for producing children in itself tends to reduce the crude birth-rate to some extent; but the apparent decline in fertility is obviously quite unreal, and there is no reason to suppose that there is any actual physical decline. (The possibility of a psychological decline, in the sense that people no longer desire so many, or even any children, is another matter, and perhaps ultimately a graver issue.) But this apparent statistical decline of fertility is manifestly not the sole or even, perhaps, the main cause of the reduced birth-

rate. One contributory factor of very considerable importance is the steadily rising standard of living, which affects all but the residual class; another is the now familiar and widespread expedient of birth control. But there are sound historical grounds for believing that birth control is in the last analysis a consequence rather than a cause; the large families of the early and middle Victorian period had already begun to diminish a little when Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant made an ineffectual beginning of the movement with which Miss Marie Stopes and others are now prominently associated.

The psychological causes of birth control are no doubt numerous, but at bottom they come down to this: a deep dissatisfaction with life as it is, and a deep distrust of the prospects of life as it is likely to be in the next generation. Nor can we pretend that this discontent is altogether unreasonable. To speak in the language of economic biology instead of psychology, no animal is bred unless it pays to breed, and humanity is no more exempt from this consideration than any other creature. For the time being the supply of men and women has outrun demand, and a great deal of current pessimism is induced by the fact that so many of us are a drag on the industrial market.

In the first half of the nineteenth century the expansion of industry at home and agriculture overseas in effect made a job for everybody who wanted a job, and the population question was only academic. But by the third quarter of the century the tide had begun to turn, and since then it has been steadily on the ebb. The war and aftermath of war delayed and obscured the process for a time, but there are now definitely more men than jobs, and that situation seems likely to persist. Yet strangely enough, at this very time the world is suffering—if it is suffering—for the first time in history since Rome imported African corn to the ruin of her own agriculture, from a crisis of abundance. There is not enough work to go round, but there is more than enough to eat.

Civilization is not, therefore, perishing of its own disease; it is suffering rather from certain unforeseen consequences of its success. Statesmen and economists have hitherto thought in terms of a shortage of available commodities, or at least tacitly accepted the position that a shortage was the natural and normal thing. We have now, on the contrary, to think in terms of an excess of available commodities—money, goods, and life itself—as a natural and perhaps eventually a normal thing; and the truth is that we do not in the least know what to do about it. One cannot easily reverse a mental attitude dating from the centuries when men put up the prayer against plague, pestilence, and famine every Sunday because plague, pestilence, and famine were then as common as fog and thunder are to-day; it would seem rather like rebuking "bountiful Jehovah" for being a shade too bountiful.

What this novel and at present paradoxical situation portends for the future of the Western world is too large and too complex a question to be debated here; in any case it lies outside the province of the Registrar-General. But the statistics which he publishes are the raw material of statesmen, sociologists, economists, and moralists; and those statistics themselves convey a grave warning that civilization has entered a new phase, and that both traditional thought and current practice in politics, economics, and even morals are certain to be gravely affected if they fail to show themselves adequate to deal with the new situation.

THE SALE OF PROPRIETARY MEDICINES

BY QUAIRO

A BILL was recently introduced by a group of medical members into the House of Commons, "to regulate the manufacture, sale and advertisement of certain medicines and surgical appliances, and for purposes connected therewith," the object being to safeguard the public from fictitious or grossly exaggerated claims made by the vendors of proprietary medicines and apparatus, alleged to have curative or remedial value.

Legislation of this kind needs to be very carefully watched, for, while it is clearly desirable to penalize fraud and to protect innocence, it is almost equally desirable to avoid harmful interference with enterprise, or with the popularization of novelties that may turn out to have high value. Fraud is one thing, heterodoxy is another; and the traditional attitude of the medical profession to those who criticize its dogmas, or fail to bend the knee before the conventional altar, is scarcely calculated to convince broad-minded people that whatever the doctors say is necessarily right and final. The day is long past when the medical profession could claim the sole right of prescribing for illness and of treating the mind or body diseased. Too many dogmatically asserted claims have been exposed as the rubbish they were, and too many heterodoxies proceeding from lay and medical sources have had later to be admitted to the official Æsculapian sanctuary.

Nevertheless, no one with any concern for the national health and for public honesty can fail to be horrified by the outrageously fraudulent claims occasionally made by commercial firms for the exploitation of the gullible and ignorant. The difficulty is effectively to check these abuses without unduly interfering with commercial enterprise or with the right of individual judgment. It is, moreover, hard to see why some small extension or amplification of the laws which deal with fraudulent misrepresentation cannot be made to cover the worst offences of these vendors and advertisers of therapeutic drugs and appliances. If a man sells me a watch guaranteed to be of eighteen-carat gold, and it turns out to be gilded pinchbeck, I have a remedy at law. Our criminal courts are empowered to deal, and do deal with reasonable efficiency, with many other forms of demonstrable commercial fraud. Why should they not be empowered with equal ease to deal with parallel attempts to rob the public by means of statements and promises which those who make them cannot justify to a judge or to a jury of their peers? Why cannot the dependents of a man who has lost his life or his health through trusting to the express guarantees of a dishonest vendor of specifics be enabled to claim in the courts substantial monetary compensation?

With one part of the Bill now before Parliament, we can all agree, namely, that which would make it illegal for any person to sell, or to offer or advertise for sale, any medicine or surgical appliance purporting to be effective for the cure of certain specified ailments, including cancer and consumption, for which it is known that no remedy at present exists. Some of us, however, would exclude from that list one or two diseases on which treatment, orthodox or heterodox, is likely to have little or no effect, and to add to the prohibited group some common symptoms that are often the first indications of grave disorders for which prompt medical or surgical treatment is essential. Sore throat is such a symptom; and every doctor is acquainted with terrible instances of children who have died from diphtheria because, instead of seeking prompt and skilful treatment,

their ill-informed parents had been beguiled into buying some nostrum alleged to be a certain cure for "sore throat." Other warning symptoms of equal gravity might be mentioned.

There is nothing evil in the fact of a preparation being a proprietary one. There is nothing evil in the advertising of it. The whole harm and wickedness lie in deliberate misrepresentation of its potentialities and of its healing virtues. And here it may be well to point out the superficiality and fallaciousness of many of the arguments employed in denunciation of advertisements generally. The essence of an advertisement is statement expressed in such a way as to establish connexion with the average reader's mind. All propaganda—religious, political and commercial alike—if it is to be effective, must possess such stimulating "punch" as provides that minimum of psychic insulin without which the crude pabulum—the bare truth—cannot be absorbed or assimilated. Nature composes her advertisements with effective punch when she wishes to teach us dull mortals that fire burns and thorns prick and broken bones need rest. Truth cannot usefully be broadcast on the unprepared soil of the ordinary mind. The ground must first be ploughed and harrowed if the seed is not to be wasted. Attention must be gripped and personal interest aroused if the truth is to take hold and become significant. The great majority of advertisements to-day, though they may be expressed in somewhat hyperbolic language, are reasonably truthful in statement. But one cannot help at times being a little horrified and surprised that newspapers of repute should sell their space for the printing of statements which every educated man must know to be patently false and of fraudulent intent. A newspaper that, inadvertently, allows a libellous statement to appear in its columns is liable to be mulcted in very heavy damages. Yet there is no penalty for the deliberate defrauding of its readers, to which it is a willing and well-paid party. Some papers already exercise a beneficent supervision over all advertisement copy submitted to them. And, in the long run, I believe that such papers are the gainers, financially as well as in reputation and influence. Personally, I would far rather see this particular scandal remedied in this way than by further additions to our already too grandmotherly legislation. Incidentally, the medical profession is hardly a disinterested party in this controversy, and the more shrewd of its members can but be aware of the boomerang possibilities of a too wholesale denunciation of unjustified assumptions of healing powers. It is certainly of great convenience to the public that preparations helpful in the treatment of evanescent ailments, manufactured by reputed firms with a name to preserve and a standard to maintain, should be readily available, without involving, on every trifling occasion, waste of time and money in the doctor's consulting room.

THE ELM

BY RHYS RAWORTH

THE blue tongue of the lightning shot
From the sky's black mouth and licked the plain:
The great elm cracked, and its dying groan
Was quenched in the hissing rain.

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE IN THEIR DAY

IV—JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE

BY DAVID OCKHAM

TO the younger generation, the name of the Kail-yard School is probably not even a name, and those who desire a faithful contemporary verdict on its doctrines and practitioners may be referred to the vivacious pages of the late T. W. H. Crosland. But the School has its place in late-Victorian Kultur, even if for no other reason than that it provided Sir James Barrie, First Baronet, O.M., D.Litt. (Edinburgh and Oxford) with a springboard.

Provincial journalism projected the then Mr. Barrie into what was in those days still referred to on occasion as the Great Metropolis. Contemporary patrons of the circulating libraries had just discovered a new Scotland, something midway between the romanticism of Sir Walter and the unrelieved gloom of 'The House with the Green Shutters.' The principal characteristic of this Nova Scotia was sentimentality verging on stickiness, and Mr. Barrie was the high priest of the saccharine cult.

Whether anyone, save holidaymakers at the more secluded British watering-places, nowadays reads 'Sentimental Tommy,' 'Tommy and Grizel,' 'Auld Licht Idylls,' and 'A Window in Thrums,' the present commentator is unable to say. 'My Lady Nicotine,' despite Mr. Crosland's intemperate language, may, however, still be recommended; it is that rare and priceless work, a book that no woman can appreciate. But all these were mere juvenilia; the real fame of Sir James rests on his creation of Peter Pan and his writings for the stage.

'The Little White Bird,' which antedated the appearance of Peter Pan on the boards, inspired Sir George Frampton's statue in Kensington Gardens, depicting the hero on a pedestal of birds, rabbits, and other fauna. My extreme personal dislike of this work of art is of entirely no account beside the daily pleasure it gives to large numbers of small children, and for that both Sir James and Sir George have acquired merit. But Peter Pan did more than inspire a sculptor; he was the spiritual begetter of A. A. Miln'sness, the grandpapa of 'Winnie the Pooh.' My readers will excuse me if I pursue this inviting theme no further.

Sir James's more serious plays are, up to a point, good theatre, even if 'The Twelve Pound Look' reads like Ibsen and water. 'The Old Lady Shows Her Medals' is barley sugar tastefully patterned in

the national colours of red, white, and blue, and since it was written in war-time, even the most censorious critic must in fairness admit that no very serious moral stigma attaches to its author. But it would attach to any manager capable of staging a revival. 'The Admirable Crichton' might have been written by a Shaw who had stopped to remember that he was also a human being.

As a maker of speeches, Sir James Barrie is unrivalled, provided that one happens to be an amateur of whimsicality. But even if one is not, their puckish humour, usually above the heads of the majority of those whom the speaker is directly addressing, is in the highest degree welcome by contrast with the after-dinner orations of the numerous elderly gentlemen who have in some occult way achieved a reputation for humour, so that their most venerable chestnuts attain the dignity of headlines and of inclusion among "Sayings of the Week." The Barrie brand of humour is the genuine article—however much one may happen to dislike it or to consider it out of date.

Despite all his public appearances, Sir James Barrie remains an enigma. He has an unusual facility for a medium of expression that is selected by ten persons who have managed to learn the trick for every one to whom it is a natural idiom. I do not profess to decide whether Sir James's whimsicality is inborn or assumed; for all I know to the contrary he may be the most profound of philosophers who successfully conceals his profundity behind a façade of Peter Pannishness. Equally, he may be among those who can wander only on sentimental journeys.

Like the late Miss Corelli, Sir James has a horror of publicity. In an age of blatant self-advertising, when peeresses invite gossip hounds to their dinner-tables in order that readers of *The Daily Bellow* may learn the noble taste in hors d'œuvres, cocktails, hair-dressing, and floral decorations, the author of 'The Admirable Crichton' has so strong an objection to the limelight, that when his name appears in large letters outside a theatre where one of his plays is being performed, the management is peremptorily ordered to remove it. That at least a thousand people read of this act of effacement for every one who would have noticed the offending sign in position, is merely another indictment of the contemporary Press.

CONTEMPORARY PAINTERS

I.—ETHEL WALKER

BY ADRIAN BURY

THE dividing line between genius and talent is sometimes obvious, sometimes subtle. We might argue that Hogarth, at varying moments, had one or the other quality. There can be no doubt that Blake was a genius and John Gibson, the sculptor, was not. Turner had the greater gift. But when we come to define what exactly constitutes this power, we are confronted with a mystery as insoluble as life itself.

Modern thought has revised the proverb that it is an infinite capacity for taking pains. The painters are to be numbered in thousands, and whether they do fretwork or mathematics or highly finished miniatures, we are not ready to place them beside

Michelangelo in the spirit of their achievement. Keats and Shelley did not rely only upon the infinite capacity for taking pains when they wrote the best of their poetry. Genius is something more than energy and concentration, though these qualities are frequently a part of it. Genius resides, perhaps, in original vision, intense feeling or intuitive comprehension. But it does not follow that the fruit of every genius is as rich and ripe. Van Gogh was a genius, but not so fecund a one as Leonardo.

In considering the work of Ethel Walker, we gain the conviction that she, too, is gifted in this unique way. There are people who may be deaf and blind to her paintings, who are ready to quarrel with

her because she paints emotionally rather than scientifically. "Can you maintain that this is good drawing?" they might say, pointing to such a portrait as 'Mamba's Daughter,' in which one eye is demonstrably out of place. "Is this a hand as we know it in the miraculous construction of Dürer's hands? Would Ingres have left this indefinite kaleidoscope of a background?" To which there is only one answer—No. Nevertheless, it is not Miss Walker's work that is wrong, but the range of the spectator's appreciation for what constitutes artistic expression. He is limited to a convention, a circumference of understanding beyond which his mind and heart are not disposed to travel.

We must look for different beauties in Miss Walker's art. And they are beauties of colour, taste in composition and a response to light and atmosphere. The artist is in that rare category of select painters whose work is so personal that no other hand but hers could have painted it. Yet she is not powerfully remote like Van Gogh, or obliquely imaginative like Blake. She is much more human. It is obvious that she has been influenced by the French impressionists—Monet, Manet and Berthe Morisot, and their brothers in England. She has absorbed from them as much as was necessary to aid her in expressing her own language. Miss Walker has never been an imitator. Even in such a picture as 'Music,' a little interior with a figure standing at a piano, the voice of Manet is subdued and refined into a more lyrical and sweeter tone. To continue the simile, Miss Walker's work approximates to melody in that it is rather intangible and inexplicable, as a song improvised on a stringed instrument, or written inspirationally at some happy moment, to be achieved once and never repeated. There is no certainty how she is going to interpret any aspect of loveliness, whether it be a scene of grandeur like 'Robin Hood's Bay,' a bowl of carnations, or such a portrait as 'Eileen.' Her work just happens inevitably, impulsively. It would be almost impossible for any copyist to copy it, as he might duplicate one of the classic portraits or landscapes. We can tell how the 'Philip the Fourth' by Velazquez was painted. The formula is not difficult to read. We cannot originate such a masterpiece, but a good technician like Sargent could render something almost identical, as a good executant on the piano can read and play a Beethoven Symphony.

It is Miss Walker's taste for colour and design that gives her the licence to ignore the dictates of fact and form. Such a picture as her 'Reclining Nude,' exhibited recently at the Lefèvre Galleries, is entrancing because its chromatic quality is so delicate and exceptional. There is little or no drawing in this figure, but in the contrast of tints we can realize the cool ivory flesh and guess at the mystery of angle and contour. Why ask for details of hand, of lip and brow? To demand a transcript of Nature from Miss Walker is to ask for something that is not in her desire or capacity to give. If she attempted to delineate with conventional accuracy, she would destroy her own charm and originality. But she has an advantage over certain very modern painters since she is neither aloof from the secrets of Nature, nor from great art of various periods.

Miss Walker is not above appreciating the best in many masters. She has striven reverently and passionately for years, and has at last been able to discipline her own powers within the compass of their limitations, to make the most of her strengths and weaknesses. Her style is now crystallized. It is individual, but it is not arrogant. Unlike a few contemporary artists who would pretend that the old masters are dead, that their message is futile, that they themselves are the heralds of a new and final method of revelation, Miss Walker can still

find joy in those great pictures which have inspired her and helped to form her judgment.

She has a spiritual kinship with the painters of Paris of the 'seventies and 'eighties, but can touch hands with Fragonard, Gainsborough and Turner. Such pictures as 'Return of the Lifeboat,' 'On the Lawn,' 'In the Dressing Room,' are ecstatic in their momentary vitality and beauty, and there is no artist, however great, who would be unwilling to praise them. So much for her sincerity and lack of affectation. But sincerity is only valuable when it is allied to an intelligent mind possessing those attitudes towards life that make for order and coherence.

The degrees of art are infinite, and the habit of comparing artists one with the other is our only means of arriving at a painter's position. The great ideals are never overthrown. They are merely modified. Miss Walker's portraits are not to be taken as seriously as those by Titian, or Alfred Stevens, but they are not to be dismissed. They have their interest and appeal, albeit the least important of her work. She is not, and never can be, a fine portrait painter, because she is temperamentally incapable of prolonged effort and the power to balance and analyse, select and reject facts, a power that is indispensable to the representational artist. And, what is great portrait painting but the essence of representationalism?

Her opinions of personalities are not strong enough. Her art is more mystical than explanatory. She is not so intuitive about character as she is about a sunset or a seascape. If we ask Miss Walker what she thinks and feels about a thunderstorm, she will take her brush and tell us in such a way that we are spellbound, for she tells us something we do not know, something in accents rare and authoritative.

Let us approach her work with sympathy. Why ask whether she draws and paints as well as this master or that? She is sufficient unto herself, and her defects, as in many other artists of genius, are part of her style. She stands alone in her lyrical sense of colour and her instinct for handling paint, and though it is impossible to be sure what posterity will approve, we hazard the statement without fear that Miss Walker's art will be treasured by the future. Meanwhile, it is our pleasure to enjoy it. Miss Walker's pictures add to our experience of beauty and our knowledge of the mystery of things.

NEBULA

By G. I. SCOTT MONCRIEFF

THE dark water splashes at the lochan's rim,
The weed twists in the ripple, strands of grey,
Mist creeps from the hill's loins to the water's brim,
A green floor and a wall of gathering grey.

Never a sound, I am most utterly alone.
The clear water runs from my hands
Misshaping suddenly the underwater stone,
Rhythmically waving the grey weed strands.

Almost to my face blow the men of mist,
Retreat they up the hillside, halt by the crest.
I lift up my head, let the dampness kiss
My lips, touch the baring wedge of my breast.

As I kneel in the vault of solitude,
Suddenly comes, without sound, without motion,
The terrible sacrament ages eschewed.
For a second I sip of the lifeless ocean.

THE PETRARCHAN MODE

BY FLORA GRIERSON

J'ay oublié l'art de Petrarquizer,
Je veux d'Amour franchement deviser,
Sans vous flatter et sans me desguiser. . .

WHEN du Bellay forgot the art of petrarchizing, he forgot more than we can readily appreciate four hundred years later. It was not merely a whirlwind of sighs and an ocean of "larmes feintes." It was not merely a whole theory of Love, a theory which excluded marriage, as existent but non-poetic, and exalted the nobler passion in proportion as its chances of realization were remote. Nor was it just the assumption that every poet who took his inspiration seriously must treat, in verse, each mistress in her turn as a potential Laura, equally chaste, equally beautiful and equally inaccessible. No. Petrarch had established all this, but he had done more. He had surveyed and charted all the territory of Love (always with its capital L: in poetry, at any rate, he had no truck with the Pandemian Aphrodite); he had laid down every highway and by-way, every rule and regulation. Forms, metaphors, conceits, devices, vocabulary and set phrases; all existed in the Petrarchan gallery of casts, ready for use as each later poet should require them. They were a bit battered and worn by du Bellay's day. He might well be tired of them. Such lines as "Et vous mes yeux, non plus yeux mais fontaines" had, with variations, swelled the bulk of French renaissance literature till every fresh example gave a pleasant shock of familiarity, as though all Shakespeare's followers had done something with "To be or not to be." No wonder if du Bellay searched for new worlds to conquer. But the more dismally pervasive an influence, the more difficult the escape from it—like trying to extricate one's feet from a large blanket in a dream. Du Bellay succeeded because he was capable of feeling intensely and of expressing with precision what he felt. He did not need a ready-made vocabulary for emotions he could experience and appreciate himself. To lesser, and less thoughtful, men, Petrarch was a God-send and an incurable disease.

Only now and then has the Sublime visited French poetry, but France has always been rich in poets who could sing the joys of life with grace and humour; and never more so than in the sixteenth century. There were many who could sing delightfully of the amorous adventures that brought spice and variety into a courtier's existence. Clément Marot's "Qui veult avoir liesse" is in a tradition which French poets understood and kept alive. But Petrarch, or his imitators, had ruled that the true poet's duty to the Muses and his own immortality was to sing a higher Love, a Love redeemed from the promiscuousness of marriage and made as immaterial as that very immortality they pursued so desperately. "Our need," they cried, in the words Mr. George Moore has put into the mouth of Rudel, "our need is a princess far away." And of that princess far away the prototype was Laura, she who bade her lover "non sperar de vedermi in terra mai," while the terms of her praise had been laid down by Laura's lover, as rigidly as though Petrarch had made a manual of Love from which henceforward none might depart. Marot escaped because far-away princesses held no charms for him. Of course, he translated, but except in his translations he never ventured on to Petrarchan ground.

Olivier de Magny was born to be gay and to enjoy life. He might have sung Pippa's song, and he died before the world had undeceived him. He did not, like Petrarch and Baudelaire, see "l'infini par

toutes les fenêtres." This world, and in this world France, were quite enough for him. Of Love with its capital L he knew nothing. For Magny, Love was the *menus détails* of Sasha Guitry's heroine, and the "trou que vous sçavez" of Marot's song. Like Nature, he loved variety, had his seasons, and asked no questions. If he remained faithful to anything besides himself, it was not to a mistress but to mistresses. The end of a love-affair was for him, as for Swann, a release—"et plus franc que jamais, je reste bien heureux."

In a more self-conscious age Magny would have known himself for a life-worshipper, tied by no fears or inhibitions, revelling in all this world has to offer, raising no curious, nor even contemptuous, eyes towards those that seek to scale the *flammaria mœnera mundi*. There was nothing of the albatross about Magny. When he did attempt to fly on borrowed pinions, the result was no less clumsy, though less perilous to himself and others, than Phaethon's famous excursion. With all his gifts, he is a warning from the sixteenth century that moderate excesses are not the food on which the Muses nurtured Apollo. But Magny adhered to the Order of the Pléiade and accordingly took, if not himself, at least his art, seriously. The love that was good enough for poor exploded Marot might be all very nice in practice, or as a theme for songs and casual verses. But a poet owes it to himself to rise, now and again, above the merely practical. So Magny took to Petrarch, and, like a clumsy skater, dared not let go his guide. He did not, like Marot, specifically translate, but it came to very much the same thing, for Marot's translations were free, sometimes inaccurate. Magny's adaptations—or variations—or borrowings were slavishly faithful. It does not matter that one cannot always (though one often can) say: This is the sixth, sixteenth, twenty-sixth of Petrarch's sonnets. Every line, every phrase and figure of speech reflect the Petrarchan fire; not that clear direct flame that Petrarch generally achieved, but a smoky muddling fire like those in Scottish cottages that have no chimneys.

Undoubtedly Petrarch was a hard model to adopt. His imitators almost foredoomed themselves to failure, and him to discredit. Artificiality can triumph over itself, and when it does, its triumphs are as the triumphs of Cæsar; but it must build upon the emotion and the understanding of a giant. You cannot learn to love a Laura overnight. Hyperbole, exclamation, the piling up of details will not get anywhere unless they are all directed towards one definite end, and unless the craftsman himself knows to what end they are directed: unless he has experienced, intellectually or emotionally, the passion he would create. Magny never knew what he was trying to do, except to be as like Petrarch as possible. His motive varies, often from line to line, and so his sonnets wobble perilously. Even Marot, following step by step in Petrarch's thought, hardly kept inside his outline:

Ella contenta aver cangiato albergo
Si paragona pur co' i più perfetti;
E parte ad or ad or si volge a tergo
Mirando s'io la seguo, e par ch'aspetti . . .

Elle, contente avoir changé demeure,
Se parangone aux Anges d'heure a heure:
Puis coup a coup derrière soi regarde,
Si je la suis; il semble qu'elle attend . . .

Marot allows himself a latitude which, in translation, is justified only if it adds something to the original; and Magny was even less at ease in the

Petrarchan tight-waistcoat. Because he was not translating, he felt free to play about a little, and because he did not quite know what he was doing, his gambols are disastrous. A very fair example of Magny in Petrarchan mood is the sonnet that begins: "O beaux yeux bruns . . ."; a famous sonnet, because it appears to have a history. It is not modelled upon any particular one of Petrarch's sonnets, but it employs one of his favourite devices: piled-up ejaculations, lines dotted with O's and exclamation marks, and all summed up in a statement.

Petrarch's imitators found in it a convenient formula for expressing agony so multiplied as to be unendurable. Examples are frequent in the literature of the time. Louise Labé, one of the few who caught from Petrarch something more than mannerisms, used it with astonishing effect; and thereby hangs the history of "O beaux yeux bruns . . ." For Louise and Magny each published that sonnet, though who first wrote it no one will ever know. Louise at any rate got hers soonest into print. Plagiarism on those lines was very common in the sixteenth century. No one seemed to mind it very much. After all, when everything came originally from Petrarch, whether you took your ideas straight from the fountain-head or through a contemporary, mattered very little. From the single fact that Louise Labé and Olivier de Magny both published a sonnet that began "O beaux yeux bruns," and was, for the first eight lines, exactly identical, ingenious gentlemen have deduced (a) that Magny was Louise's lover, a probable enough assumption on other grounds; (b) that Magny wrote Louise's poetry, a theory which, like the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, is tenable or not according as one ranks the originality of Bacon—or Magny; (c) more modestly, that Magny "influenced" Louise.

While it is the most modest, this third theory is also the most astonishing in the light of the two sonnets themselves. Magny may well have been Louise's lover. Otherwise it is difficult to account for his 'Ode à Sire Aymon' (though, judging by the acidity of that ode, Louise had ultimately given him a flea in the ear). Again, it is just possible that Magny wrote her sonnets, or, as M. Blanchemain more elegantly put it, that "les brûlants sonnets jaillis à la fois de leurs deux cœurs, tracés par leurs mains du même crayon . . . pour la dernière perfection du rythme, appartiennent peut-être autant à l'amant qu'à l'amante." It is just possible that Louise inspired in Magny (her junior by seven or eight years) a love that was deeper, though not more enduring, than any of his other affairs. It is just possible that such a love induced him to let his best work go down to posterity unacknowledged, and under the authorship of another. But if Louise wrote the other sonnets, if she wrote "Baise m'encor, rebaise moy et baise" before ever Magny visited Lyons, what need had she of his acquaintance, his love, or his perfection of rhythm to write "O beaux yeux bruns"? And when we bring the two sonnets together, and realize that on them is based all these startling theories, we are but afforded another proof that scholars, for all their learning, seldom learn to see beyond the prejudices they have inherited and the assumptions they have been taught to accept. Magny was a courtier and a poet; Louise Labé a bourgeoisie and a poetess.

Here, then, are the two sonnets, the first claimed for Louise, the second for Olivier:

- O beaux yeux bruns, ô regards destournez,
O chaus soupîrs, ô larmes espandues,
O noires nuits vainement attendues,
O jours luisans vainement retournez:
O tristes pleins, ô desirs obstinez,
O tems perdu, ô peines despendues,
O mile morts en mile rets tendues,
O pire maux contre moy destinez.

O ris, ô front, cheveux, bras, mains, et doigts:
O lut plaintif, voile, archet et vois:
Tant de flambeaus pour ardre une femelle!
De toy me plein, que tant de feus portant,
En tant d'endroits d'iceus mon cœur tatant,
N'en est sur toy volé quelque estincelle.

O beaux yeux bruns, ô regards destournez,
O chaus soupîrs, ô larmes espandues,
O noires nuits vainement attendues,
O jours luisans vainement retournez:
O tristes pleins, ô desirs obstinez,
O tems perdu, ô peines despendues,
O mille morts en mille retz tendues,
O pire maux contre moy destinez.
O pas epars, ô trop ardente flamme,
O douce erreur, ô penser de mon ame,
Qui ça qui là, me tournez nuict et jour.
O vous mes yeux, non plus yeux mais fonteines,
O dieux, ô cieus, et personnes humaines,
Soyez pour dieu tesmoins de mon amour.

The differences are obvious. Louise has a single point to make, and she makes it. She enumerates in Petrarchan manner, but with no particular sonnet in mind, the pains of love and the devices used by her lover to win her love, summing them up in one bitter and defiant line—"Tant de flambeaus pour ardre une femelle!" Then she reproaches him for using on her all these weapons, but himself remaining unharmed. It is not her best sonnet, but it is a sonnet few among her contemporaries would have been ashamed to claim. It says something, it is sincere, and—whatever debt she may ultimately owe to Petrarch—this poem is her own.

How about the other? Magny begins with precisely the same little list of attributes and griefs, all of which, presumably, with the exception of the brown eyes (but it is not very clear) refer to himself. With the sextet he becomes original, or, if the previous lines were really his, his originality stops. He suddenly recalls Marot's version of "O passi sparsi," and makes good use of it. "O pas epars" is Marot's phrase; "ô trop ardente flamme" belongs to Magny, but hardly, one suspects, took much finding. "O douce erreur," again Marot's, for Petrarch. "O penser de mon ame" does not occur in "O passi sparsi," but I have not read the whole of Petrarch's work, and would hesitate to be dogmatic. "Qui ça, qui là, me tournez nuict et jour" is a variant of Marot's line, "Me fait aller cherchant et monts et plaines." In any case it is a commonplace of Petrarchan and all love poetry:

Tutto' di piango: e poi la notte quando
Prendon riposo i miseri mortali,
Trovomi in pianto . . .

"O vous mes yeux, non plus yeux mais fonteines" is lifted straight out of Marot's version of the Italian. And then we have that gem of eloquence and rhythm:

O dieux, ô cieus, et personnes humaines . . .

The best possible comment on that line is to say it over again, with a different intonation from what Magny intended. Finally, "Soyez pour dieu tesmoins de mon amour" is a convenient closing statement—sonnets must finish at the fourteenth line—and a distant cousin of Marot's "Arrestez vous pour voir quelle est ma peine." What may be the central theme of the sonnet, it is hard to say. Probably Magny did not aim at anything more precise than a display of Petrarchan passion. Or else all the long list of attributes, except the lovely brown eyes, but including the "dieux, cieus, et personnes humaines," are to be his witnesses, in which case, as most of them are already his pains, love is a vicious circle; which may very well be.

This at least is clear: the sonnet claimed for Louise Labé is a logical statement in simple and not unmusical poetic form, more obviously Petrarchan than some of her other, perhaps later, sonnets, but not slavishly so. Magny's sonnet is a hotch-potch,

which may mean something, but certainly does not mean anything very inspiring or very personal. After eight quite straightforward and sensible lines, if we accord him the benefit of the doubt and the precedence due to his sex—after these eight lines Magny goes to pieces, flies for help to Petrarch through Marot, bounces around in wild pursuit of an idea, and closes at last on two of the worst lines in French poetry, which is saying a good deal. If he was capable of producing the octet, why is the sextet so bad? If he was even part-author of the sonnet in Louise's book, why did he let her have it and publish, under his own name, the other abortion?

If these two sonnets tell us anything about the poets whose names are associated with them, and with each other, it is that Louise Labé was a poet who had grown out of, if not quite forgotten, "l'art de Petrarquizer" and achieved personal expression. In some of her other sonnets we shall find that she has turned that art so subtly to her own uses that it becomes her own, without forgetting. Of Magny,

this sonnet tells us that, when he ventured after the sublime, he dared not quit the Petrarchan balustrade even for a moment, for fear he fell back into Marot's "trou." To go further than that lands us among hypotheses. Did Magny write the octet and then Louise, seeing what a mess he had made, borrow it and use it her own way? Or had she written it long before she knew him, and he rushed in where others would have feared to tread, and showed how Petrarch would have done it? Or did—but what's the use? The fact remains that the provincial poetess, the "plebeia meretrix," had so much finer a feeling for poetic love that she might well have advised her lover—or her friend—to forget the pernicious art that lay outside his range, and turn, with Clément Marot, to a more material and more promiscuous Muse. Or, in his own words:

Laissons donc cet estude, et vivons plus contents,
Esisant et prenant cent mille passetems,
Et qui sçait si demain nous les pourrions reprendre?

SOMETHING PASSES

By ESTHER HYMAN

AS she huddled over the last glowing ashes of the open fire, Martha was thinking that after all she was glad that Harry had persuaded her to live in the country. She was in that condition of almost purring contentment when the mind is torn between the claims of bed and fire. The room was warm, and, although the fire was low, there was still enough kindness in it to tempt her to remain, crouching to catch its last warmth. Her toes tingled comfortably, and she had drawn her skirt above her knees. Her skin looked queerly mottled through the thin silk of her stockings, where the fire had scorched her legs.

The cat beside her lay supine, almost underneath the iron basket that had held the last log, but now held only its glowing heart. She stretched out her foot lazily and drew her toe along the animal's spine. The cat gave a low purring protest, and, flat-stomached, drew its length away, too lazy to rise to its feet to move.

Martha rehearsed in her mind every move she would in a moment or two make in preparation for bed. She would shift the rug from the front of the hearth lest in dying the fire spit out an angry spark. She would turn out the light in the drawing-room, consoling herself for the hundredth time that gas was really almost as convenient as electricity. But before that she must remember to put the cat outside and to lock the door. Then she must remember to lock the other door and turn out the rest of the lights. This routine was unfamiliar because it was the first time since their marriage that Harry had left her alone. Thinking about that brought to her mind a host of pleasant recollections about Harry. How kind and considerate he was! He had not wanted to leave her to-night. The lovely evening had tempted him; and he had suggested a walk to Wilborne, three miles away, a rest and perhaps a drink at the little sixteenth-century inn, and then the walk home by the light of the rising moon.

It was a programme that attracted her, for this was the way in which they had spent the first evening in their own home, three weeks ago. But to-night she had felt unaccountably tired. She had wanted to browse over the fire, half asleep, to be alone for once so that she might more sensuously indulge the joy she had in her life.

"You're sure you don't mind, darling?"

"No, really, Harry—you go."

"Well—if you'll promise not to wait up."

No, she would not wait up. She would go to bed almost at once.

"Leave a door open for me," he had laughed. And she had said that she would leave open the kitchen door, that fronted, so quaintly was their old house built, upon the village street.

She was in that strange state of intense tiredness when one is not quite sure in which of two worlds one is dwelling, the world of everyday or the less familiar world of sleep. It seemed to her that she had performed the ritual of putting the house to bed for the night, when actually she had not moved from her seat. She shook herself awake and urged herself out of her chair, almost stumbling in her strange tiredness as she went about her business of locking the cat outside, raking out the cinders, and the rest. She left open the kitchen door for Harry, and took one last look at the drawing-room. Only one glowing cinder remained of the fire, and in the dark room it looked like a single glaring eye. A queer pang almost of fear caught at her heart; but in a moment the feeling was gone. She shook herself, and went up the stairs to bed.

The curtains in the bedroom were not drawn, and the moonlight was already bright in the room, though it was not yet half-past nine. Harry would be sitting now in the little parlour of the inn. As she undressed in the moonlight, she pictured him there among men, taller and handsomer than any of them. Not strictly handsome, perhaps; but her mind was too tired for argument, and handsome would have to do. Presently he would rise with that suddenness with which he made all decisions, however small, and come back home to his wife. Indeed, it seemed to her stimulated imagination that she had actually seen him spring to his feet, and she even knew what had caused the impulse to rise; a sudden inner vision of her as she was at this moment, raising her arms to draw her frock over her head. She knew that he caught his breath suddenly, because that particular view of her had already become familiar and very dear. Tears came into her own eyes because of her feeling that he was deeply moved by this vision. But the clearness of her mind in her state of half-sleep

frightened her, and she finished undressing rather quickly and got into bed.

Although she was so tired, it was a long time before she fell asleep. Her feet in imagination kept pace with Harry's along the moonlit road. She had to hurry a little, as she always did when he, pacing along with his quick stride, forgot her slower movements. He looked down at her and smiled, and then, almost without conscious movement, their hands met and clung, and they swung along hand in hand. How wonderful he was! "I am so happy!" she said to herself, and found her mind repeating the words again and again, but automatically, without meaning. Her mind knew that she was deeply happy, but was repeating it in a way that did not make sense.

She roused herself, but only to a consciousness of her tiredness. It was queer, being alone. She was so bound up with Harry by now that it actually seemed as though something of herself was missing. Her tired mind ached for sleep, but it seemed as though, alone, she could not enter its charmed world. Her head was uneasy without the support of his shoulder. She could find no comfort in the bed without him. As her body seemed lost without his body, so also her mind called out for something that had not been said—the "Open Sesame" to the door of sleep. His goodnight had been the last word of her waking hours for nearly three months, and her tired senses groped vainly for sleep with the word unuttered.

She groaned, and turned in the lonely bed. The movement woke her, and in waking her humour returned. So much fuss because her husband had left her for a few hours—how foolish, how naive of her! None the less, sleep continued to elude her. Her mind worked. Trivial incidents of the day returned to trouble her. Then she began to torment herself as to whether her last tasks had been done. Had she moved the rug from the hearth? Had she put the cat outside? Had she left an open door for Harry's return?

Suddenly, without warning, she was deeply asleep. Her husband, her marriage, her beautiful house dreaming in the quiet village street—all were as though they had never been. She was lost in some new world of the night. She lay enmarbled by the moon, her brown hair gleaming as though it were gold, her body immobile, not even the rise and fall of her bosom revealing the life within her.

Outside, no breath of air disturbed the moonlit peace. The night blackened the trees to silhouettes, all dark outline without detail. Nothing stirred.

Joining the silhouettes of the sleeping trees came presently the shape of a moving figure—an undersized man, moving with a kind of furtive haste, dragging a short leg with a halting rhythm. The limping footsteps echoed on the hard ground. The figure paused, and when it turned its face for a moment to the moon, it revealed wild eyes and a mouth that dribbled the uncontrollable saliva of the weak of will.

He had come from the dark house on the far hill whence the moon had risen an hour or two before. Filling his vague mind like a floating mist was a vast resentment against a world that had shut him within walls, away from familiar places. When he had crept from that house in the dark hour before the moon rose, there was in his mind only the thought that he would try to find his own home. He did not know—or if his dark mind had known it had forgotten—that the door of his house had closed for ever upon him because of the crime he had committed in his sudden madness. As his wife lay in bed asleep he had fallen suddenly upon her and choked her. By the light of the moon he had strangled his young wife. They had taken him away, and for the rest of his life his days and

nights were to be spent behind closed doors, lest the lust for blood that had mastered him once should again seize him in its strange madness. But he had stolen out, with the slyness of the insane, and had now come to look for his home and his wife.

His house had been an old one upon a village street, standing level with the road without gate or garden. Its whitewashed front had marked it from the rest, so that when he returned from his work it had seemed to welcome him as he came. Now his crazed eyes sought a whitewashed house. He turned the slight bend with his shuffling run, and the moon found him one. Standing level with the other houses, without garden or gate, it welcomed him with its clean, white walls. He gasped with relief, and stood a moment to gain his breath.

He pushed against the door. It opened without a creak, and he went in. Subduing his ungainly walk to a quiet tread, he crossed Martha's kitchen, guiding himself with his groping hand past furniture that stood in unfamiliar places. A little uneasily, he gained the stairs, some notion of a difference in his hazy mind. Quietly, feeling with his hands, he crouched, creeping slowly up the stairs until he gained the bedroom door.

The sense of unfamiliarity left him as he saw the bed with the woman asleep upon it. Thus, many weeks before, he had gazed upon his sleeping wife. The moon then, as now, had sought the marble skin, the golden, gleaming hair. He crept nearer to the bed. He stood quietly looking down upon her. Then as he looked the evil passions began to rise.

The woman, sleeping very deeply, felt, perhaps, in the far place to which she had travelled, those burning eyes upon her. As the hands rose, their fingers already bent in a murderous, seeking gesture, she stirred, sighed and turned. Her lips moved. She said, faintly, sleepily:

"Is that you, Harry?"

The figure by the bed stood motionless. Then slowly the fingers unbent, the arm dropped. In the unhappy mind of the madman a thought faltered, stumbled on the threshold of reason, and was born. *She called me Harry. That is not my name.* The mind moved slowly, absorbing it. *She called me Harry—something is wrong.* He looked at the woman, his helpless mouth working. The hair was brown, not gold. The moonlight had lied. Something was wrong. His terrified mind struggled with the thought. *This is not my wife. This is not my home.* Guiltily, he turned, groped silently to the door, crept down the stairs and through the dark kitchen, and quietly out into the sleeping street. He limped slowly, a lost man. His mind was dark and void again. Without thought or conscious effort, he broke once more into his loping run. The village was empty of him.

After a while, the whisper of distant footsteps sounded, sharpened, took shape. Becoming clear, they marked the time for a cheerful whistle. A tall man turned the bend with an eager stride, coming home to his waiting wife. He paused for a moment to take in the smiling gesture of welcome his white house seemed to make. In the pause, Harry thought: "I enjoyed the walk, but perhaps it was wrong to leave her." Then he smiled at himself—a man new to marriage, and deeply in love with his wife. Subduing his whistle lest she slept—for the house was in darkness—he opened the kitchen door, quietly made it fast, and locked it for the night. The click, though faint, had a cheerful sound—a sound of security. Without fumbling, he crossed the dark, familiar kitchen, and climbed the stairs on the tips of his toes, silently. At the door, he paused in the moonlit bedroom to look at his sleeping wife. Then he undressed quickly, and was presently in bed

at her side. Not until he lay beside her, his arm about her, did she stir.

"Is that you, Harry?"

"Yes, dear. You were asleep."

"Yes."

"Did you have a nice sleep, darling?"

She yawned.

"Oh, yes," she said. "But I've been ever so far away."

She had the sensation one sometimes has on waking that something has passed, something happened, while one was still deep in the vaults of sleep.

BYZANTINE ART

By ROBERT STEELE

FOR a thousand years the City of Constantine stood between the threats of the East and the relatively barbarian West. For centuries it was the Home of the Arts, the source from which Europe drew its inspiration when Rome was laid waste and the Western Empire, a mere faint shadow of civilization, aping a past it hardly understood, without literature, or science or art. Meanwhile, the imperial city stood, sufficient to itself, with the Roman East as its tributary, and the treasures of old Rome raided to embellish the palaces of the new and greater Rome. When, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the arts and literature awoke from their long lethargy and the first Renaissance began in Europe, the influence of Byzantium was so subtly mingled with the Moslem in Sicily and Spain that a new art, to all intents and purposes, arose, and the old tradition became for the West powerless—a schoolmaster who had lost his prestige and had nothing fresh to say. Hence the general idea—still popular—that Byzantine art was hieratic, hidebound and unfertile.

As a challenge to this belief, an exhibition of the relics of Byzantine art in Paris has been got together for the first time, and a wholly admirable catalogue has been prepared with the aid of scholars from all parts. We miss the names of some English scholars—no doubt for sufficient reasons—and our English loans are comparatively few, though precious. The great contribution of Byzantium to art—its architecture and the daughter arts of decoration—must naturally only be represented by photographs and drawings, and thus the exhibition resembles Hamlet with the principal part read by the prompter. Consider what these accessories were—the mosaics of which Venice and Ravenna give us a not inaccurate idea, frescoes for which we must rely on the admirable copies of the Mistra wall paintings, sculpture, as seen in the fragmentary capitals and stone carvings in the great collections—all synthesized into one harmonious whole.

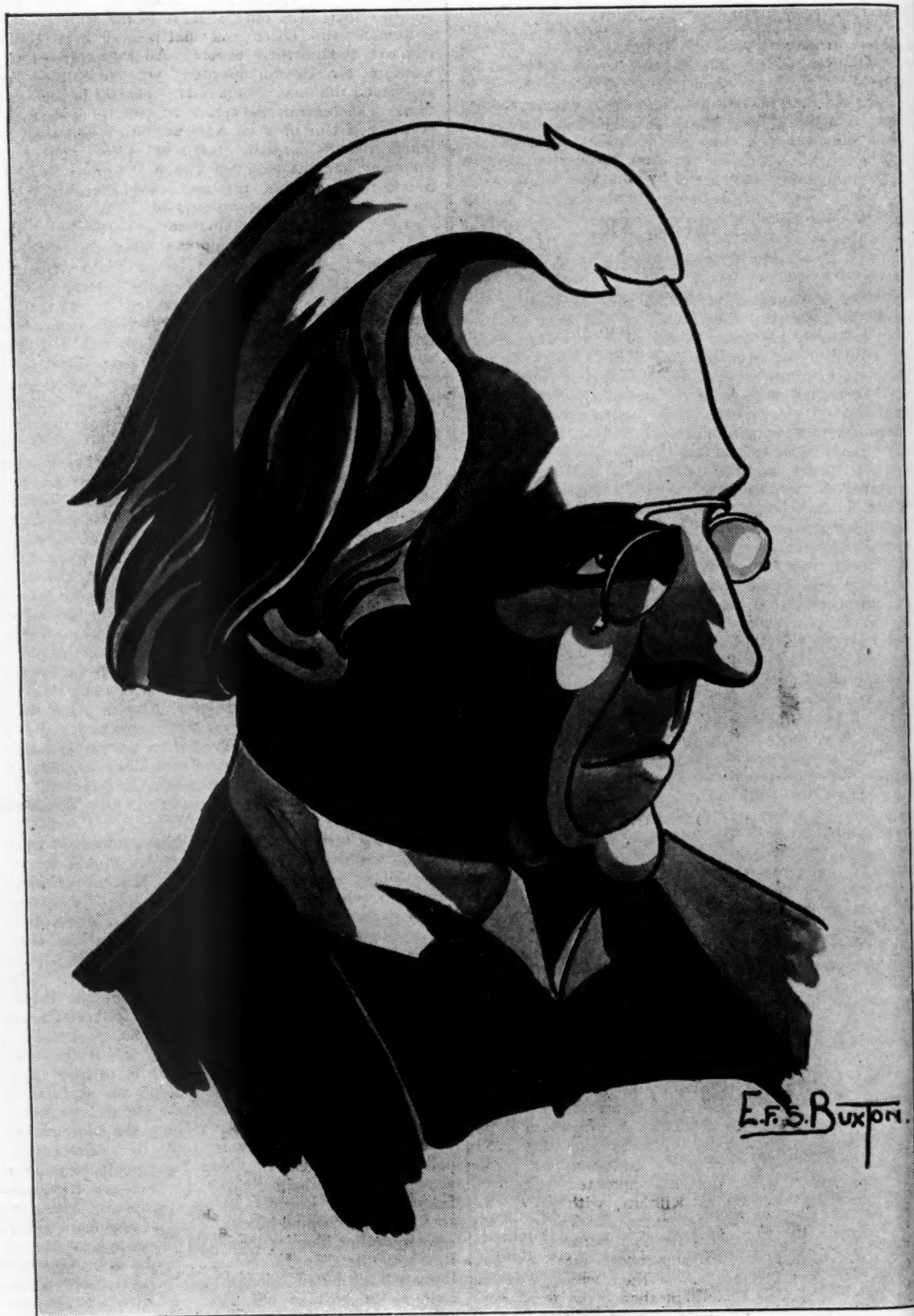
All this we have to take on trust here in the West, but this is only one side of Byzantine art. As masters of the world, till, in the fullness of time, other rivals arose and snatched away its sources of wealth, till it was left a faint shadow of its former greatness, Byzantium levied toll on Egypt, on Persia, on Syria, and the Mediterranean lands. Its ivories, its goldsmith and silversmith work, its metal working, its weaving of wool and silk when silk was introduced in the time of Justinian, and a hundred other luxury arts flourished. These were things which were desirable, not only to civilized people, but even to Western barbarians, and long before the age of collectors these jewels were distributed to favoured visitors, or became the loot of piratical crusaders. The treasures of ancient churches were the chief ultimate recipients of such of them as still

exist, and it is from them that the chief objects exhibited come.

What Byzantine scholars usually do not emphasize, if they remember it, is that for centuries before Constantine there was only one art in the Roman world—Roman art. There was no Greek or even Hellenistic art, though there were Greek or Egyptian artists working for Roman masters, who paid the piper and called the tune. This is very evident in the sculpture. The portrait busts are Roman, of course, but even when Christian subjects are attempted they are purely Pagan in spirit. Some relief carvings of the Epiphany and the Noli Me Tangere suggest Scythian Greek remains, and the sarcophagus carvings are purely Roman in their treatment. The ivory carvings, in which this exhibition is particularly rich, show the whole history of the influences which in the long run changed Roman into typically Byzantine art, and finally—after the interposition of the Iconoclast Emperors—degraded it altogether. Some of the finest of the later carvings come from French cathedrals. Sens is particularly rich in Byzantine work, and there is a casket from Troyes so exceptional in style as to arouse doubts—most probably unfounded—as to its authenticity.

After the ivories the woven stuffs are the most important feature in the exhibition. Many of the finest come from the shrouds in which the relics of saints were wrapped. Linen work from Sens, perhaps of Egyptian weaving, silk weaving of the most intricate designs, and wool fabrics in less perfect condition, provide a study with endless problems of style and method. In some of the Persian patterns we have, perhaps, a key to the carpet designs of the post-Mohammedan East—the figures, human and animal, simplified and stylized. The specimens of silk weaving shown irresistibly recall in the fineness of their work and the intricacy of pattern some of the pieces brought home by the Stein expedition from Central Asia, of a date long anterior. It is obvious that the silk industry of the Byzantine Empire must have drawn its technical inspiration from some such sources; it could not have been evolved from the rather coarse wool-weaving of which some notable examples are shown. The figures alone are Byzantine in feeling—or rather Persian and Egyptian forced into a Byzantine mould.

The development of the Byzantine manuscript tradition is exceptionally well illustrated. Purely Roman in its inception, the intrusion of Christian iconology forced a change. The figures of the Evangelists writing their gospels were entirely new conceptions at a time when other parables such as the Good Samaritan, and scenes such as Christ before Pilate, were still treated in a purely Roman style. The accessory display of Greek manuscripts in the Bibliothèque Nationale affords an opportunity for seeing some of the finest Byzantine illustrations in existence as well as other codices important as being the only authorities for their text. What we learn from them is that Byzantine portrait illumination has no relation to Icon painting—its forbears are plainly the ivory diptychs of Roman sculpture. The great Dioscorides, with its figures of plants and the fifth-century palimpsest of the Old and New Testaments, were also shown. In the main Exhibition there are treasures from all over Europe—whose ascriptions are not always to be accepted blindly. Thus a Latin manuscript with Byzantine illuminations is put down as executed in Russia in the eleventh century. In the same way the Roman tradition of coinage long persisted with little change. A host of old and new friends meet the scholar at every turn of this exhibition, among others the famous cup which has had such remarkable claims made for it. The exhibition will be the starting-point of new studies in the history of Byzantine art.



GORDON CRAIG

THE THEATRE HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

Strange Orchestra. By Rodney Ackland. Embassy Theatre.

Improper People. By Rodney Ackland. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.

Sea Fever. By Marcel Pagnol. Adapted by Auriol Lee and John Van Druten. New Theatre.

MONOTONOUS repetition breeds indifference, even to flattery; and by this time Mr. Rodney Ackland has probably grown tired of reading critical comparisons with Tchekov. It is, therefore, only with extreme reluctance that I now endorse those critical comparisons, reiterating their (by no means defamatory) innuendo that, if Tchekov had not written 'The Cherry Orchard,' neither would Mr. Ackland have conceived 'Strange Orchestra.'

But wait! Maybe that is putting it too strongly. I have no doubt that Mr. Ackland is a conscious, unrepentant imitator of his Russian predecessor. I have, however, little doubt that he adopted Tchekov's method, neither blindly nor in unintelligent enthusiasm, but because that parenthetic (or higgledy-piggledy) method seemed to him exactly right for the theatrical portrayal of certain exceptionally feckless characters, with whose desultory mode of life he appears to be peculiarly familiar. Thus the problem facing Mr. Ackland was at least comparable with that which years ago faced Tchekov. Is it quite fair to assert dogmatically that the young English playwright would not have found, of his own accord, the same solution?

In order to admit the possibility that Mr. Ackland might have done so, one must assume that his characters are copied from life, and are not merely English adaptations of the Tchekov Russians. Personally, I find no difficulty in this assumption. I have a thoroughly old-fashioned, pre-war temperament, and would run as many miles as my legs could carry me, rather than associate with the instrumentalists of Mr. Ackland's Orchestra. There have, however, been occasions when fate has decided to thrust me, an embarrassed victim, among people who were temperamentally so like the characters in Mr. Ackland's play, as to persuade me that 'Strange Orchestra' is based on observation. The word which most nearly sums them up is the epithet I have already used in order to epitomize the method utilized by Mr. Ackland to portray them. They are "higgledy-piggledy" people. They live together in amorphous groups. They think and talk inconsequentially, in fits and starts. They are vaguely "artistic," and write clever, amateurish novels. Their uselessness to the community, coupled with their personal discontent, makes them living arguments in favour of Victorian theories of discipline.

One must differentiate the Chelsea orchestra in Mr. Ackland's second play from the "improper" people in his first. These latter are the victims of a war-time bankruptcy. From the comforts and conventionalities of £8,000 a year, five servants and a governess, Mr. and Mrs. Byron and their three young daughters had been suddenly uprooted and transplanted to a tiny flat in Kilburn, with a "char" to help the mother, and the father rendered helpless, irritable and prematurely senile by a stroke. Crowded together in one tiny sitting-room, these unhappy people are Tchekovian against their will. Fish out of water, struggling to adapt themselves to unaccustomed poverty and bread-winning, their inconsequentiality is not so much the natural expression of their innate temperaments as an unending struggle between vague and recently acquired ambitions and an inbred, ineradicable unambitiousness.

It required more perspicuity on Mr. Ackland's part to realize that the Tchekov method could be used for these Byrons than was necessary to see its appropriateness to the Lyndon ménage of 'Strange Orchestra.' Here we are in definitely "bohemian" circles. Mrs. Lyndon is a retired courtesan; her children are illegitimate; her flat is a colony of wilfully unconventional young people. All the characters are restless, aimless, discontented; yet one finds it hard to sympathize. It is true they are poor; but it is their temperament and not their poverty that crowds them together in this Chelsea flat. Multiply their incomes by a hundred, and what good would it do them? They would move into a Noel Coward play, and be rather more arrogant; but they would still be aimless, restless, discontented.

The play is similarly formless and inconsequential, and provides a vividly impressionistic picture. The "dramatic" episode which Mr. Ackland has introduced as a plot for the piece is rather too conventionally theatrical to be altogether comfortable in this untheatrical comedy. But he handles it with admirable discretion, minimizing its dramatic quality and using it as an excuse for shrewd psychology. For instance, when the heroine goes blind, instead of a commonplace appeal to our emotions, he depicts the peculiar shyness which affects her friends and relatives. Less subtle, but of similar intent, is the almost farcical behaviour of the others when the two young newly-weds are saved from an incomprehensible, but quite seriously attempted, suicide. In each case, as throughout the play, Mr. Ackland writes with the calm detachment of a student of human conduct. It surprises, and even offends, when—instead of rushing sympathetically to help the victims—he stands coolly on one side, and points an amiably scornful finger at the well meant but ridiculous behaviour of the rescuers. But the play is the more valuable for this detachment. It reveals what other playwrights fail, as a rule, to notice, and contributes to our knowledge of human behaviour.

The performance at the Embassy was competent, but the various characters were insufficiently differentiated, and were individually too weakly coloured, for the comedy to be as interesting as it should have been. The fault is, to some extent, inherent in the play. The characters are young and English; and one young Englishman—even one "bohemian" young Englishman—is very like another. Tchekov was more fortunate; at any rate in England, where the eccentricities of Russian temperament can be underlined, and nobody will dare to say the portraits are exaggerated. If Mr. Ackland is contemplating more experiments of this sort, I advise him to choose older people for his characters.

The failure in London of Monsieur Pagnol's 'Marius' was inevitable, for the very simple reason that English acting is entirely different from French acting, and that 'Marius' was written to be acted in the French style. The play, which occupied the stage of the New Theatre for some half-a-dozen nights, was largely a direct translation of what Monsieur Pagnol wrote; but the words had acquired an entirely different significance, and the play an entirely different quality. Before any more translations from the French are attempted by our English theatre, our actors and producers must appreciate the essential difference between French and English conversation. The fluency of France is due to the fact that Frenchmen are intelligent, and speak their thoughts aloud; our English reticence is due partly to slow-wittedness, and partly to our habit of thinking first, and speaking only on those rare occasions when our thoughts seem worth the utterance. The dialogue of Monsieur Pagnol's play is lively and entertaining as, but only as, the spoken thought of simple but quick-witted proletarians. Why the actors were encouraged still further to stultify the play with the accents of our upper-middle-class is a question the producer may, or may not, be able to explain.

THE FILMS

REVIVAL OF "THE CLASSICS"

BY MARK FORREST

VERY little good entertainment is provided in the London cinemas this week by the new pictures, and I therefore want to take the opportunity of calling attention to the revival of the great films of the past, which is being carried out by the Academy Cinema, in Oxford Street. For the next month, and probably for longer, people can be sure of a fine entertainment here, and those whose interest in the screen is academic should certainly not miss any of the pictures which are being shown. Each film is being exhibited for one week only and for the benefit of those who would like to know beforehand what this management proposes to revive and when, here is the programme for the next month.

Next week 'Warsaw,' the first Polish picture to be shown in this country, is to be tried, and with it Mr. Grierson's 'Drifters.' The latter film is one of the few which justifies the existence of the British cinema, and this production, which was made for the British Marketing Board in 1929, stands out head and shoulders above any other British picture. After one has seen this, one is left wondering why the majority of other British directors should be content to use the camera with such a lack of imagination; the advent of the "talkies" is somewhat, but I am afraid not wholly, to blame for the present state of affairs.

On July 20 Pudovkin's 'The End of St. Petersburg' is being revived. This film was made in 1927 for the Soviet and preceded by a year the same director's better-known 'Heir to Jenghis Khan'—popularly called 'Storm over Asia.' 'The End of St. Petersburg' shows the beginning of Leningrad, and the film was one of those which the Soviet Government ordered to be made to mark the tenth anniversary of the revolution. On July 27 there is the German picture, 'The Student of Prague,' in which Conrad Veidt and Werner Krauss play the two chief male parts; they are also, together with Emil Jannings, in 'Waxworks,' which, with 'The Marriage of Figaro,' is being shown this week. 'The Student of Prague' is chiefly remarkable for its superb construction and the fine performance of Conrad Veidt. On August 3 there is another Russian picture called, 'The Roof of the World'; this I have never had an opportunity of seeing, but I understand that it is a record of a scientific expedition. With it will be shown 'The Waltz Dream,' which was recently exhibited by the Film Society. On August 10 comes another of Eisenstein's great pictures, 'The General Line'; this is also a Soviet film and it has a good deal in common with Dosvenko's 'Earth.' Both of them have for their subject, propaganda for the machine in agriculture against labour by hand, and both of them are remarkable for the types which are shown and the pictorial compositions which are finely fashioned.

All these films are, of course, silent, and in seeing them again one can realize immediately what a great decline the talking picture has wrought in the art of the cinema. Now, however, that the production of the voice is no longer a new toy, it is to be hoped that directors will use the new medium more sparingly, though with the notable exception of 'The Blue Angel' and one or two others, there does not seem to be any immediate prospect of them concentrating more upon what the camera has to show than upon what the author has to say.

Correspondents are asked to type or to write their letters on one side only of the paper. Very heavy pressure on space compels us also to request that they keep their letters as short as possible.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*
- ¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.*

THE FLEET AIR ARM

SIR,—The arguments by which I support my case against the aircraft-carrier, and on which I base my "gross underestimation" of the relative value of the Fleet Air Arm, are contained in my book, and need not therefore be repeated here.

I fully appreciate the weakness of seaplanes, and for this very reason I have done what I can to check the exuberant hopes of aeronautical enthusiasts in the great commercial future for seaplanes and flying-boats. That naval officers will share my critic's preference for aeroplanes over cruisers, for purposes of reconnaissance, I take leave to doubt. They will share, I feel sure, my own inability to understand the value of mere speed for scouting.

I have a very great admiration for the skill of our pilots and observers, but I believe the specialist, in any line, is a poor adviser on broad questions of policy.

I am, etc.,

United Service Club

BERNARD ACWORTH

'EAST LYNNE'

SIR,—By not drawing attention to every difference between the screen version of 'East Lynne' and the book, I seem to have upset Mr. Gray. I am sorry about this, but if he follows the cinema closely, he must be aware that the original stories are invariably altered very considerably, and generally for the worse. In this case it seemed to me that the changes did no great harm in that the picture was a good one and well acted. I therefore did not stress the differences too much. Mr. Gray agrees with me as to the excellence of the entertainment. Let him be thankful; it is better for Mrs. Henry Wood to turn in her grave than that he and I should writhe in our seats, which is often my lot, and probably his, owing either to the lack of imagination on the part of the director or to the bad acting on the part of the company. If the Americans had called the story an original one, as Mr. Gray suggests, I am afraid to think how many people would have felt bound to point out the similarities between it and 'East Lynne.' Mr. Seymour Hicks recently tried this with a picture of his, called 'Glamour,' and nearly every critic, one or two of them rather rudely, told the public that it was not an original story at all, but was really 'David Garrick' dressed up.

I am, etc.,

MARK FORREST

WHAT IS A LIBERAL?

SIR,—In the old days we used to think a Liberal was one who believed in the rights of groups of individuals—they might be Irishmen, they might be South Africans—to mind their own business.

Yet there were 43 Liberals who voted against the Sunday Performances (Regulation) Bill which seeks to give local authorities the right to open cinemas on Sunday. Is not local option a fundamental principle of Liberalism?

Liberal electors should welcome the discussions of the Special Committee now examining the details of this Bill. It will afford them an excellent opportunity of finding out just exactly what a present-day Liberal is.

I am, etc.,

Mill Street, W.1

PAUL TRENT

PRESS PERSECUTION IN EGYPT

SIR,—The new Press Law in Egypt, which has been forwarded to King Fuad for signature, is a fair example of the repressive methods of the present regime in dealing with its critics. According to the information which has reached this country, it appears that the editor of an Egyptian newspaper will, in future, be continually in fear either of his personal imprisonment or of incurring heavy fines should he depart from the monotonous and useless rôle of blessing the Government for all that it does.

The severe restrictions to be imposed by the Press Law are really surprising in view of the optimistic speeches made by Sidky Pasha, the Prime Minister, on his announcement of the successful outcome of his elections. He stated then that "the results obtained constitute a proof that the present regime has the approval of the nation." Surely this claim that the country is so strongly behind him can hardly be considered seriously, either by his friends or by his opponents, so long as he gives himself away by such vindictive measures directed against the Opposition parties. If, as he states, Sidky Pasha has the confidence of the Egyptian people, he should be able to afford a little more indulgence towards his opponents rather than find it necessary to harass them further.

Again, according to a Reuter message from Cairo dated May 18 (after the elections), Sidky Pasha promised that "the country will live constitutionally henceforth." It would appear that, only a month later, he has already broken this pledge by unconstitutionally submitting a new law for the approval of the King, before the sanction of his newly-elected Parliament has been obtained.

Finally, one hopes that the real meaning behind the harsh provisions of the Press Law will not be overlooked in those quarters where the question of an Anglo-Egyptian Treaty will be raised, and where evidence will be required that Sidky Pasha really does represent the Egyptian nation and can speak on its behalf.

I am, etc.,

Pinner

W. H. READE

COMMON SENSE AND THE CHILD

SIR,—Lord Russell, in his review of Miss Mannin's book, with the above title, in your issue of July 4, says in effect that people tell children fairy stories to preserve them from contact with the rough facts of a coarse world, and in as far as they succeed, they unfit them for any sane and vigorous part in life. I was told at an early age that fairies were nonsense, yet I believed they existed and am not at all sure, now in middle age, that they do not.

I started life as an usher at £90 a year, thirty years ago. In twenty-five years (after twenty years abroad in an Oriental Civil Service) I retired, and my salary was then over £900 per annum. Abroad, I devoted a good deal of my spare time to archæology, which enabled me to eke out my pension with a small museum job. I also devoted myself to honorary social service. Art, literature, geology, physics, and psychics are my hobbies. I take vigorous exercise (badminton, tennis, calisthenics) when I can.

I do not consider that my belief in fairies, let alone ghosts and such strange deer, has unfitted me for a sane and vigorous part in life.

May I remark that if we did not "conceal (our) real emotions under a cloak of hypocrisy and humbug," social life would be unbearable? The rough stones on the beach are worn into round pebbles by the action of the stormy waves, i.e., friction is reduced to a minimum. *Verb. sap.*

I am, etc.,

EX-FACTOTUM

INFALLIBILITY

SIR,—Mr. Francis O'Leary attempts to dispose of the Galileo episode very airily by dismissing Galileo's condemnation (for "teaching error") at the hands of The Congregation of the Index as being the act of a Papal body which had no claim to Papal Infallibility. But Mr. O'Leary must not be allowed to "get away with it" as easily as this. For is it not a function of the Catholic Church always to impress upon its members that the edicts and pronouncements of the various Vatican Congregations are authoritative with a continuously implied "halo" of infallibility?

A few years ago when a Vatican Congregation decided that the Duke of Marlborough (a Catholic convert) had never been really married to the Duchess—a verdict that shocked a great number of people, including Catholics—I asked a Catholic friend of mine if these edicts of the Vatican Congregations were "infallible." This friend replied by referring to the Galileo case, as regards which he had looked up the family archives that included a large number of old volumes of the well-known Catholic weekly, the *Tablet*, collected by his parents. His reference specially concerned the year 1899, at which period the *Tablet* was mainly owned and controlled by Cardinal Vaughan, then Archbishop of Westminster, who, incidentally, was a personal friend of my friend's parents.

In that year, 1899, a famous convert to Catholicism, Dr. St. George Mivart, F.R.S., M.D., Vice-President of the Zoological Society—one of the most noted scientists and biologists of his time—took up the cause of Galileo as against the Vatican in the columns of the *Tablet*, which was then edited by a cousin of the Cardinal. The *Tablet*, of course, defended the Vatican in a correspondence duel that went on for quite a while, but Dr. Mivart stuck to his guns and eventually drove the official Catholic view into such a corner that, finally, in an editorial in the issue of November 11, 1899, the *Tablet* had to admit Dr. Mivart's contention (by falling back on Mr. O'Leary's thesis—the lack of infallibility in the verdicts of Papal Congregations) in the following grudging terms:

... Dr. Mivart utterly mistakes the mind of Catholics and even of those whom he nicknames Ultramontanes if he imagines that they have any desire to hush up the case of Galileo to which he clings with such pathetic devotion. The case of Galileo has its lesson, and Catholic theologians and Canonists would remember it and point out its due significance even if Dr. Mivart were disposed to forget it. That lesson is the elementary one that Papal Infallibility cannot be put in commission and that a Roman Congregation *per se* cannot claim inerrancy in its decisions. ... To say that a tribunal is not to be obeyed because it is not infallible is palpably absurd.

My point is that this view was only put forward when everything else failed.

I am, etc.,

H. DALE

SIR,—The difficulty about Infallibility in teaching on matters of Faith and Morals is that it is so difficult to check. What does it mean?

The "Strages Huguenottarum" is condemned by the conscience of mankind: yet it is quite clear that the pontiff of that day believed such infamous conduct was correct. And our protection against such vile outrages is no pontifical seat of authority; it is the acceptance by the mass of mankind of the spirit of decency and goodness in their dealings with one another. "British Catholic" may be assured also that State control of the English Church will, at any rate, keep down the spirit of bigotry and hatred.

I am, etc.,

S. TETLEY

Walsall

NEW NOVELS

BY H. C. HARWOOD

Cypress in Moonlight. By Agnes Muir Mackenzie. Constable. 7s. 6d.*Country Tune.* By Ruth Holland. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.*Deep Evening.* By Eugene Löhrke. Cape. 7s. 6d.

THEY are a little too conscious of living in the late eighteenth century, posing in their silks to posterity, as it were, and through the delicate artificiality of their setting, their loves and hatreds tinkle sadly to us. Villainous and unhappy was the Duke, the virtuous Duchess unhappier still, and their small, evil Court was in every detail fin de siècle; you will have seen the Duke's dwarf in Beardsley drawings. Duels, intrigues, poisoned wine, bravi stabbing after nightfall in the twisted streets are insufficient to upset the elaborate ceremonial or to tangle the formal garden asleep under the Italian moon. One brace of young people die with operatic dignity. A second escape—and what could be nicer?—by a knotted rope down the city wall. All this may sound too familiar, too finicking. I cannot believe it is true that the sword and dagger work drew blood from Etienne. The worst that could happen to him was for the sawdust to run out of his heels. Nor does any amorous passion seem more intense than the choice of partners for a minuet. Nevertheless 'Cypress in Moonlight' is an exquisite example of its class. It is just not too "period." It escapes the knowingness and excessive fantasy of the late Elinor Wylie's 'Venetian Glass Nephew.' And the little sentiment to be found in it is water-clear and heather-sweet. For there is a little sentiment. Sandy and Caroline, those big and sensible Scots, walk out of Wicked-Fairy-Land into Lovers' Lane for a brief stroll now and then.

Wordsworthian nature was almost healthy in comparison with such candle-lit Courts as Miss Muir Mackenzie has described for us, but it is not quite healthy enough. Miss Holland has got it very badly indeed. "She"—the heroine, not Miss Holland—"She lay on the ground face downwards with her eyes shut and the grass tickling her nose. She could almost feel the earth throbbing beneath her. An intense feeling of aliveness swept over her; this was the real world, real life." And that is where she—Miss Holland, as well as Rachel—appears to be making a mistake. Real life cannot consist of lying face downwards with closed eyes, even if this attitude be dignified by the pretence that some earth quiver, universal consciousness, rhythm of the spheres, or what not, is to be detected in the beating of the prone Wordsworthian's pulse. If Rachel, bored by humanity, were content to lie in a field on her belly, to observe starlings and young rabbits and little frogs, and in fine weather to go for pleasantly long walks, I should not blame her a bit. Let her escape "real life" if she can. Let her prefer the "empty dream." But to call the dream life, that is madness or a lie. As for Miss Holland, she has confused her sensitiveness with perception. She is extremely sensitive to personal contacts as well as to rural sounds and noises. But she makes no use of the delicate instrument in her possession, and has thrown together a number of sensations without proportion or apparent purpose.

But 'Country Tune' will appeal to those who like such passages as: "The fading light made the space more vast. The fields were sinking into deeper and deeper dusk. Trees were grouped like dancing nymphs in a frieze, and as they themselves moved about the garden, so the trees seemed to move, shaping and dissolving in never-ending designs, like the clouds in the sky. There was no impediment to

the far gaze of their eyes. Stars were silently, stealthily creeping into their places in the dome of sky that swept from the horizon up over their heads, as if they were returning from far wanderings to take their part in the performance of the night. The last wild chorus of birds was echoing down the fields, and there was a smell of spring flowers on the cold air." And many people will take genuine, if mild, pleasure in reading that. Personally I have read it too often before to want ever to read it again, and particularly resent in 1931 being taken aside by Miss Holland and told that the stars do not make a loud whistling noise when they come out. It has been noticed so often before. Homer noticed it, I expect. But "there was a smell of spring flowers on the cold air" is attractive, probably because it is the only statement in the paragraph not loaded with hackneyed metaphor.

And the plot of 'Country Tune'? There is nothing deserving the name, and what suggests a story does the book no good. For Miss Holland is sensitive to personal idiosyncrasies, and introduces her character admirably, but, introduction completed, is at a loss what to do with them. They move not, and if they talk it is to say the same thing over and over again. They are three-dimensional figures in a world of four dimensions.

So, if you come to think of it, are Wordsworthians. Because their watches will not go, they say they are in eternity.

'Deep Evening' is a competent, rather brassy story, which I defy anyone to put down until finished, or when finished take up again. Only a complete ass could spoil the *Titanic* theme. That sudden change from luxury and security to danger and the icy seas, when the floating hotel shows signs of no longer floating; the reactions under the shock of that strange miscellany, a ship's passengers; the conquest of men by the waste; these are written already in our imaginations, and the narrator has but half a tale left to tell. Mr. Löhrke deals very efficiently with his half. The night the *Glamorland* gave an iceberg a glancing blow was that of the fancy dress ball. (Oh! quite justifiable. One chance in four that it would be. Mr. Löhrke is not loading the dice.) In fact the captain had to be called away to the bridge from the ball-room (Regency style) before the prizes were awarded. The "faint, jarring throb, as though a lump of iron had been dumped on a cement floor in some cellar of the ship far below," was not alarming. The stopping of the engines annoyed those who had business appointments in New York. The floor seemed to be tilting, but at first the angle was so slight as to be scarcely noticeable. So forth until the cry is heard, "All passengers on deck in their lifebelts," and the boats are slowly lowered with only one overturning, for the *Glamorland* really is not only the latest and most ornate of transatlantic liners but a well-found ship, too. Mr. Löhrke picks out his specimens with care. James Morgan, able-bodied seaman, sullen and irrational, takes on meaning in his defiance of death. Men like that die better than they live. Thurlow Barton is the bright young business man whose energies since boyhood have been spent in conforming with the herd, so that nothing is left in him to resist the domination of his mother. Wandrell, a military attaché, sufficient of a gentleman to see that Barton is not, is at the time entangled in a crazy love affair, and Frances Gilpin is his crazy mistress. In the second-class, Moses Vierstein, the only Vierstein who was not go-ahead, is inclined to welcome drowning as a means of asserting himself against the family. Giuseppe Ziemssen, steward, felt that "whatever happened the evening had been entirely spoiled for him; he had missed the fruit of a very promising harvest in the way of tips."

Yes, Mr. Löhrke mixed his bag nicely, but I could wish that he had included someone who had not a complex, not even one of those little *Œdipus* ones.

REVIEWS

NAVAL OPERATIONS

Naval Operations: An Official History Prepared by Direction of the Historical Section of the Committee of Imperial Defence: Volume V (with Maps): 1917 to the Armistice. By Sir Henry Newbolt. Longmans. 31s. 6d.

WHEN Sir Julian Corbett died leaving the official history of the naval operations of the Great War incomplete, Sir Henry Newbolt agreed to complete the work. The choice was a happy one, for Sir Henry shared in large measure the views on naval matters to which Sir Julian had given lucid expression, not only in the earlier volumes of this history, but in his other works. Continuity was fortunately preserved by the retention of the staff, including Lieut.-Commander A. C. Bell, Instructor-Captain O. T. Tuck and Miss Edith Keate. The thread of the narrative consequently was not broken, nor was there any change in the method of sifting and presenting the facts. And now the history is finished. In one sense it is an official history, but in another sense it is not official. Each volume has been preceded by a note setting forth that "The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have given the author access to official documents in the preparation of this work, but they are in no way responsible for its production or for the accuracy of its statements." This represents an ideal balance, for the reader has the assurance that he has the facts and all the facts without such reservations as might be made in a volume which reflected the views of the present or past Boards of Admiralty. There is no attempt to make the narrative confirm the wisdom of post-war policy, and it need hardly be added that there is no effort to whitewash officers whose actions have been criticized. Sir Henry reveals in these pages that sanity of judgment which is reflected in his other books. His tone is judicial and restrained. He is usually content merely to relate the facts as revealed in official documents, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions from them. What this work has involved in patient research may be understood when it is stated that, apart from other material, 120,000 telegrams have been studied in the attempt to arrive at the truth. Sir Henry has achieved a triumph of condensation while preserving the human interest in the course of events, and has thus given to the world a history of the naval operations in the closing months of the war which will be welcomed not only in this country but overseas. He has rounded off admirably the task which Sir Julian Corbett was unable to complete and it will be conceded that no one could have carried out this difficult commission in a more masterly manner. The five volumes of 'Naval Operations' constitute the most authoritative and readable record of the work of the British Navy and its auxiliaries during the Great War which has appeared, and in years to come it will be accepted as the final court of appeal on all matters of controversy.

Sir Henry devotes a large part of this final volume to a study of the later phase of the submarine campaign. When the Germans, in desperate straits from the result of the Battle of Jutland and their failure to defeat the armies of the Allies, determined to resort to methods of piracy, sinking merchant ships without warning, and leaving the crews and in some cases passengers to fare as best they might in all sorts and conditions of weather, the Admiralty were caught in some degree unprepared. None of the defensive and offensive measures which had hitherto been tried had proved effective. The destruction of tonnage continued to mount up and, if it had continued much longer, the Allied cause would have been defeated and Germany would have been in a position to dictate peace

to nations face to face with starvation, whose armies were without the necessary supplies of munitions and food. The emergency was a grave one. The outlook was as black as it could well be.

One expedient had not been tried. That was the convoy system. It had been successful in the Napoleonic wars, but in intervening years the conditions had changed radically. In place of frigates, submarines were being employed by the enemy. Steam had replaced sail power in the Merchant Navy, suggesting better chances of escape from attack. On the other hand, the masters of the Merchant Service were not in the habit of sailing in company, keeping station under superior orders and maintaining a uniform speed.

It has been urged that Lord Jellicoe opposed the adoption of the convoy system unreasonably, and thus lengthened the war. In order to form a judgment on this matter the situation in the first years of the war must be reviewed. Though in large units the Allies had a marked superiority over the enemy, there was a shortage of small armed craft, especially such vessels as were needed for escorting merchant ships. Merchant officers doubted their ability to sail in fairly close convoy, acting under the orders of a senior officer. They said that any such attempt would end in disaster. They had never been submitted to such a test before. Furthermore, it was evident that the speed of a convoy would necessarily be that of the slowest ship and that consequently the loss of speed would cause a reduction of carrying power at a time when it was proving a matter of great difficulty to meet the naval and civil demands on the available tonnage, for France, Italy and Russia were making drafts on the shipping of Allies and neutrals. These are considerations which cannot be ignored in any study of the position down to the spring of 1917, when the United States passed from a state of neutrality to one of belligerency, having declared war on the Central Powers on April 6 of that year. In preceding months there had been great pressure on the naval authorities in favour of the convoy system, especially on the part of the Cabinet, which was not seized with a complete knowledge of the naval difficulties. It is true that on first going to the Admiralty as First Sea Lord, Lord Jellicoe had regarded the system with distrust; indeed, he was definitely opposed to a large number of ships sailing in company, as in his opinion it increased the chances of submarines attacking with success. The obstacles to the introduction of the convoy at this period were great, and they were reinforced by the strong views held by Admiral Webb and Admiral Duff, both qualified by knowledge and experience.

On April 26, when the Americans had thrown in their lot with the Allies, with the promise of immediate naval co-operation, Admiral Jellicoe's attitude changed. He sent a memorandum to the War Cabinet recommending the convoy system. The main difficulty, the want of armed vessels, was about to be removed owing to American co-operation; though some time was still to elapse before the system was generally adopted, the first step was taken within a few weeks to that end. Gradually the convoy was adopted on the principal trade routes, with most gratifying success. By this means, in association with the minefields and other defensive and offensive measures, the submarine was mastered. Simultaneously the supply of tonnage from the shipyards, British and American, increased as the losses decreased. The situation was saved. The supplies by sea of the Allies were in no further danger, and the economic constriction of Germany, owing to American assistance in the blockade, became more intense. The convoy system made the most considerable contribution to the victory of the Allies, since all their efforts depended on the maintenance of sea communications. The Atlantic was thrown open to shipping and, with the aid of the British Merchant

Navy, the troops of the United States were safely transported to the battlefields of Europe.

So much space has been devoted to the examination of the manner in which the submarine was defeated that little can be said of other chapters in Sir Henry Newbolt's fascinating volume, supplying the most conclusive testimony to the influence of sea power on the destiny of nations. He describes in detail the attack on Zeebrugge and the blocking of Ostend on St. George's Day, 1918. The loss of life was heavy. Were the results commensurate with the sacrifices? Sir Henry answers this question in no uncertain terms:

The first, perhaps the greatest, achievement of those who planned and executed these blocking expeditions is that they impressed the enemy with our power, our resources and our endurance at the very moment when that same enemy was gathering strength for what he believed would be our final overthrow.

So much for the effect upon the enemy; there were other consequences equally important.

The blocking expeditions were executed during weeks of intense national anxiety, for it was during those weeks that the British armies were yielding one position after another, before an onslaught that seemed irresistible. When anxiety was keenest, the nation was suddenly informed that a naval force had twice entered positions deemed impregnable and had blocked two fortified harbours. . . . After more than three years of deadlocked and alternating war, our force both for attack and defence seemed to have been enfeebled to the last point of exhaustion, when beyond all expectation the great Service, which had already borne and accomplished so much for the Allies, was seen to rise like a giant from among the wounded and dying and to deliver a blow which resounded with power and significance—the blow of a people whose heart was still unbroken. *Possunt quia posse videntur*—the great achievement of Admiral Keyes and his force was this light in the darkest hour, this reinforcement of endurance with the consciousness of heroic strength, by which they nerved again the moral power for victory in five great nations and two continents.

This dramatic victory coincided with the cumulative effects of the new anti-submarine policy. In all the Allied countries the conviction was confirmed that eventual victory was assured, and the psychological effect on the Germans was no less apparent. Admiral von Scheer planned a further encounter with the Grand Fleet, but it never occurred because the German seamen and stokers, after their bitter experiences at the Battle of Jutland, refused to face the heavy odds. They believed that the issue was hopeless, and refused to obey the orders they received. This was the first phase of what was to develop into a mutiny affecting almost the whole of the German Navy. This naval movement, in association with the spread of revolt throughout Germany, where hunger was gnawing into the vitals of the population, proved the beginning of the end. The curtain was about to be rung down on the greatest war in history. Though the British peoples had mobilized and trained 10,000,000 men for service on the wide-flung battlefields, and though vast quantities of munitions had been made, especially in Great Britain and the United States, the victory was transparently one of sea power. All the activities of the armies and air forces, as well as the work of the munition workers, and all who were in any way supplying the Allied cause, rested, in the last analysis, on the freedom of sea communications. As the seas were thrown open in increasing measure to the Allies, their use was more and more denied to the Central Powers. They could not live without access to the sea, and thus it came about, as in the Napoleonic wars, that the foundations of victory were laid by the British Fleet. It only remained for the statesmen and soldiers to reap the harvest, and this was duly done after the Armistice had been signed. Whether the reaping was carried out well or ill, only time can show. It looks as though events were going to prove that, after such a struggle, there can be no

exact balancing of the accounts by means of reparation payments and inhibitions. In any such struggle, victors and vanquished both stand defeated, at least for many years, by economic forces beyond their control. The war of violence ended with the Treaty of Versailles, but the signing of that historic document signalized the opening of another war in the financial and economic spheres, the consequences of which no man can yet foresee.

ARCHIBALD HURD

OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE

Oxford versus Cambridge. Compiled and arranged by J. Bruce-Kerr and H. M. Abrahams. Faber and Faber. 25s.

RECENTLY I was turning over the thick and highly respectable pages of a number of the old *Temple Bar Magazine* when I was surprised to find the heading 'Oxford versus Cambridge.' The article, which appeared in the year 1894, did not steal the thunder, as I had imagined, before reading it, that it was going to do, from the 'Book of Blues,' which, published in 1900 and supplemented in 1902, was the last compilation that tried to set out in detail the results of the various sporting activities of the two oldest universities. In fact, it dealt with other spheres of rivalry more in keeping with the intellectual outlook of the magazine, and the writer was at pains to assure his readers that the two universities stood "for more than places existing for the abnormal development of the muscular powers of young men who can afford time and money to undergo the necessary training."

Having thus dismissed the athletic contests (they now number fifty-two), the writer went on to tabulate other frays; he matched poets, played "conkers" with divines, set up men of letters in opposition, threw historians one against another, confronted philosophers and weighed statesmen in the balances. The difficulty of the game as played by him is obvious, for it is the very devil to decide which should be the victor, Oxford or Cambridge, in these contests of the brain. To judge the issue on mere numerical grounds is to avoid it. Is Cudworth to count a whole point against, say, Cardinal Newman? Is Blackmore, who incidentally was alive at the date of the article, to be allowed to balance Thackeray? In the battles of the brawn Mr. Bruce-Kerr and Mr. Abrahams are in no such dilemma; in the fifty-two contests there is always a win, a loss or a draw.

For those who like statistics the grand total of all the events now reaches the figure of 1,586; out of this number Cambridge have won 829 and Oxford 684, while 73 have been left drawn. In winning 145 more events than Oxford, Cambridge have used 80 more athletes; to remain statistical, 4,485 against 4,405. At first glance it would appear that a definite superiority has been asserted by the one University over the other, but overwhelming victories in three series have led largely to the difference. In all forms of shooting Cambridge lead by 124 victories to 81; in swimming by 32 to 12; and in tennis by 89 to 43. In no sport has Oxford established such an ascendancy, her best achievement being in steeplechasing, where she has 17 wins to her credit against 6 by her rival; but against this Cambridge can put the lawn tennis doubles, where she leads by 30 to 15, and further increased that lead a month or so ago by winning both the singles and the doubles in no half-hearted fashion.

In this new compilation, which is extremely well edited from every point of view, one has the whole story, and those whose interest remains keen may argue from facts in future and not from guesswork. Measured over a period of years there is nothing much to choose between the Universities in the Boat Race, fencing, football, both Association and Rugby, golf, hockey on

land and ice, lawn tennis singles, rackets, and for those who are seriously minded, chess; but in cricket, in the ninety-third match, at which Oxford were victorious on Wednesday, polo and athletics, Cambridge have certainly opened up a gap which Oxford's superiority at billiards hardly closes. If, however, the latter university does not like it, I suggest that they foster a new compilation on the lines laid down by the writer of the article in *Temple Bar*; for here there is no certainty, at any rate up till 1894, except that Oxford leads in men of letters and historians. So few novelists seem up till then to have been to either university that the contest is hardly worthy of the standards laid down by the champions of brawn, and the exact values of the various divines, poets, philosophers and statesmen should lead to a pretty controversy, in which Oxford should, perhaps, be able to maintain her superiority, except in the case of poets, where she would be lucky to force a draw.

PETER TRAILL

ROUSSEAU RETURNS

Rousseau. By C. E. Vulliamy. Bles. 10s. 6d.

IF by some fantasy we could transfer Rousseau to our own times, and deal with his odd, yet significant personality in the terms of to-day, no doubt he would get "more favoured nation" treatment for his anomalies. The sex complex of D. H. Lawrence has been translated into the phrase, the "sex-crucified" man; and if there is any merit in the phrase it would fit Rousseau well enough. But the criticism of Rousseau's sex relationships has become stereotyped. Mr. Vulliamy, however, in this study, indulges in refreshing frankness of discussion, instead of wrapping up the facts in a cloud of verbiage. Recently, if one were to hover on the quaint analogy, Mr. Middleton Murry has made tremendous claims for Lawrence's influence in the realms of feeling. For Rousseau, not only have such claims been made, but long ago substantiated. Both men seemed born to a life of spiritual solitude and conflict. Here is Rousseau, to quote Mr. Vulliamy:

The outer world of man, continually at variance with his inner world of fantasy, could not provide him with what he needed. . . . The union of imaginative qualities with a highly sensuous temperament led Rousseau into one of the saddest of mental states, the expectation of the unattainable. . . . He was in collision with objective reality, and in this unequal opposition of forces he was bruised, baffled and humiliated.

And here is D. H. Lawrence, according to Mr. Middleton Murry:

He believed in a harmony which it was impossible for him personally to achieve without a physical resurrection. . . . Sex, for him, is the escape from the torture of tenderness, the chance of oblivion. . . . By making good and evil eternal principles he perpetuated in himself a cleavage which is fatal to human integrity. He embarked irrevocably on a course which led him to complete disintegration.

In the realm of ideas, apart from sex, we cannot reincarnate Rousseau. The present times are infinitely more complex than his. The political revolution to which his social contract paved the way was quite a simple affair compared with the revolution in Russia, which is our significant example. Confronted with the French Revolution, you were either on one side or the other, and you raved for liberty, or denounced anarchy, according to your interest, grievance, or prejudice. But other nationals have to tie wet towels round their heads to try to understand the Russian revolution; and even those who pose as authorities have not yet made clear the implications of the Five Year Plan.

An earlier generation fell under the fascination of John Morley's books on Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot

and the Encyclopædists. Young intellectuals who questioned accepted ideas then delighted in those books, which seemed to open the gates on a world of revolutionary analogies. Aristocrats in political thought no doubt looked askance, but would-be revolutionary youth was fired with the historical period, and pursued it in Carlyle's ecstatic reports, Michelet's impassioned sermonizing, Arthur Young's evidences, De Tocqueville's researches, even Mignet's dullness. And owning myself this old debt, and resenting a little one or two digs of Mr. Vulliamy's at John Morley, I took down the old volume on Rousseau, and found to my dismay that Morley dates. Yes, the bloom is off the fruit. Reluctantly, I was compelled to admit it. Not only is there a prudish flavour, not only does Morley seize illegitimate opportunities to turn the story to his own philosophic uses, but even the sentences in which I once rejoiced are many of them too long and often too rhetorical.

The direct method of approach, whether there be sympathy or irony, is better, and Mr. Vulliamy has achieved it. He paints the picture, while Morley described it. He revivifies this story of the vagabond, philandering philosopher. And he has the niceties of style, too, while getting to the point more quickly. Only on a few pages can you cavil at a word. Morley preached a long sermon on Rousseau's amazing conduct—according to his own account—in depositing the offspring of his union with Thérèse Levasseur at a Foundling Hospital. The modern author gives more fully the statements and evidences, and discusses the curious question whether Rousseau was lying when he confessed to this conduct, influenced perhaps by that perverted desire to attract attention which he often exhibits in the 'Confessions.' The author of the past, when his sympathies were with a man, or with what he stood for, either made excuses for him, or when this seemed impossible, ladled out a sermon on his occasional delinquency in order to throw into high relief his more agreeable qualities.

Morley, apparently, was sentimental. He had a shrewd inkling that Thérèse, the kitchen wench, was not an unsuitable partner for Rousseau, but he fought against the idea:

In time he found out the grievous disadvantage of living in solitude with a companion who did not know how to think, and whose stock of ideas was so slight that the only common ground of talk between them was gossip and quodlibets.

Rousseau found no such disadvantage; it was Thérèse who tired. As Mr. Vulliamy has it:

A talkative, witty or intelligent woman would have been a positive annoyance. He had a mistress in Thérèse; he had also a servant; one who could be sent back to her pots and pans whenever it suited him to be alone, or whenever her presence would have been humiliating.

A. P. NICHOLSON

LAWRENCE'S LAST WORD

Apocalypse. By D. H. Lawrence. G. Orioli. Florence. 30s.

EXCEPT that he was an erratic writer who might suddenly turn into any track, it would seem surprising that D. H. Lawrence should have occupied himself with the Book of Revelation in this posthumously published work. How he came to do so is not revealed in the book itself, but a letter has since appeared which explains that the idea came to Lawrence in 1923 while he was in Mexico and had become interested in the study of apocalyptic symbols through the work of a friend. Various circumstances delayed the complete publication of his essay, which now appears in the Lungarno series to which it belongs by the right of a literary curiosity. In the strict sense, it has the interest of its authorship. No

one expecting further light upon the last book of the Bible would be thrilled to hear that D. H. Lawrence had now turned his attention thereto. No candid reader, I believe, was much interested in any of Lawrence's conclusions, in his judgments, his opinions, his verdicts, or his arguments. His readers were attracted or repelled by the man himself, and their interest lay in watching the struggles of this singularly earnest, singularly awkward, partly gifted, but very undeveloped young man. For all his struggles, to the end D. H. Lawrence resembled an ungainly public schoolboy who had never escaped from the awkward age. I read him with difficulty. I thought him over-praised. I found nothing attractive in the spectacle of a nonconformist conscience in the grip of sex-obsession, and I early came to the conclusion that if the English-speaking world were to achieve a healthier and better balanced attitude to the problems that tormented him, it would find D. H. Lawrence not an inspiration but a warning. His explosive obscenities were the nonconformist conscience turning on itself. The elderly spinster with a passion for prudery is very like the coarser sort of schoolboy unable to reconcile his animal appetites with the diseased attitude to life in which he has been reared. The shameless Silenus is a jollier spectacle. When one sees Lawrence sitting down before the most obscure book in the New Testament, one expects that he will go off on a violent tangent, and has only slight curiosity to discover what the particular tangent will be.

Since, to his admirers, this will seem the approach of prejudice, it is well to express it candidly, that the subsequent confession of agreeable surprise may have its due weight. Except that the whole subject is obscure, and that scholars differ widely upon it, Lawrence's responses to the theories of his friend, Mr. Frederick Carter, are not highly debatable. That they are simple is their praise. He uses these theories as a starting-point for his own favourite notions, and the symbols of the Apocalypse as a fresh form of exposition and support. The style is quiet and straightforward, and the book is neither remarkable nor dull. His continuous endeavour to cleanse his bosom of perilous confusion now has a reason to adopt Babylon as the symbol for his attack.

Lawrence begins by confessing how he recoiled from Bible-cramming in his youth, and how the droning of the Little Bethels, where the colliers and their wives rejoiced in the language of destruction and in the coloured images of Disaster and Woe, had given him a sickening of the language of the Book from which he did not easily recover. One not so crammed with the interpretation of prophecy can sympathize with him, for if you will confine yourself to the language and the imagery without endeavouring to convert it into a crude allegory, you must suffer from an adder-deafness not to feel the music of the words. A mechanical explanation of poetry is enough to madden anyone, but the imagery that rouses by its splendour and stirs the imagination by its suggestion owes as much to its obscurity as to its beauty for its haunting power. Lawrence, from the first a thwarted creature with explosive energies, quickly recoiled from the exultation of the colliers. Dimly he felt himself to be on the side of the splendour that, in their interpretation, was to be overthrown. Lawrence's clue to the Apocalypse is Lawrence's revelation of himself.

He saw the under-dog taking a vicarious revenge on the worldly forces that subdued him, and then he begins to discriminate between the democratic pretensions of to-day with Authority behind them and the creative humility of the true saints whose Power is their own but who have not authority. Lenin becomes for him the enemy of this power and the evil agent of the authority of the multitude. In the Apocalypse Lawrence hears the outburst of a

thwarted impulse for power and revenge. The latter half of the essay is concerned with the cosmic sense that he finds in the apocalyptic symbolism. He eagerly responds to the pagan basis that he believes to underlie the whole and to have been overlaid by some Jewish writers before its adaptation by St. John of Patmos to the Christian scheme. We see Lawrence reaching out hungrily to early simplicities of vision, to the sun and the moon and the primary colours, to the symbolism of the dragon and all that it has stood for, to the joy of life that we attach to primitive civilizations and to the morning of the world. If we can recover the sun, in a sense deeper than by sun-bathing, he says (in effect) we can recover health. The gipsy, the wanderer, the free-lance, those who live with the least thought for the morrow, have something that we know ourselves to have lost. "They do not sweat and whine about their condition; they do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins; they do not make me sick discussing their duty to God." These words of Whitman upon animals condense the simplicity that Lawrence spent his life vainly trying to find.

OSBERT BURDETT

WOMEN AND THE STAGE

Enter the Actress: The First Women in the Theatre. By Rosamond Gilder. Harrap. 15s.

TO savour to the full Miss Gilder's delightful and learned study of the women pioneers in the theatre, think of Miss Peggy Ashcroft's Desdemona, or Miss Fay Compton's Ophelia, be told of Ellen Terry's Beatrice, read Hazlitt's eulogy of Mrs. Siddons, and then remind yourself that Shakespeare had no actresses in his theatre, that his Desdemona was a squeaky boy, and his Beatrice, maybe, a veteran badly needing a shave. Imagine Norah, and Hedda Gabbler and Rebecca West played by choir boys, and all our comedienettes from Nell Gwynne to Kay Hammond, from Anne Bracegirdle to Diana Wynyard supplanted by smirking youths. Enter the actress! But for that entry the theatre had to wait for more than two thousand years.

What delayed her? The Church? The Puritans? No doubt; but the Pagan theatre of Rome and Greece had also been denied her. Why? Medea, and Antigone and Clytemnestra as their creators heard them were men megaphoning through masks their immortal anger and grief. Miss Gilder suggests that possibly women took part in the choruses, but admits there is no evidence of this, so we do not know if the original objection to women as principals in the drama was purely technical or not. If not, was it religious? But why should women on religious grounds be debarred from the dramatic adjunct to the Dionysian Festivals, when they had long taken part in the older rites, when they were allowed to be participants in the sacred Eleusinian mystery. Whatever the reason of the ban, it was there, nor was it lifted until women, who had always been singers and minstrels and mountebanks, began to assume higher rôles than those of ribald buffoons, and in the *commedia dell'arte*, that creation of the people and the market place, became finished comedienettes ready to take their place in the theatre when the demand came. The demand came sooner on the Continent than here, and, as Miss Gilder points out, though Shakespeare had to suffer from the ancient ban, when the French dramatists Corneille, Racine and Molière appeared there were actresses at hand to play their heroines.

Miss Gilder deals fully with the coming of the true actress, via the *commedia dell'arte*, which during the sixteenth century made such headway that it penetrated to the Court, and Princes and Princesses

assumed its parts and improvised as gaily and gallantly as the professionals. Amateur is not exactly a word of honour in the theatre, but there can be little question that the great women of the Renaissance, who dallied with the stage, helped the professional actress to find her true place in the theatre. Miss Gilder writes most agreeably of the first accepted actresses of the *commedia dell'arte*, particularly of Isabella Andreini, who was at the height of her powers when Rosalind was created and who died in the year that 'Measure for Measure' was written. From the Italians we pass to the French, who even earlier still had had actresses of some quality, and to the famous sisters Madeleine and Armande Bejart, the first Molière's mistress and instructor and the second his wife. But Miss Gilder is perhaps at her best when she comes to our own stage, to the guarded entry of the actress in the last days of the Commonwealth and to the sudden capture of the theatre of the Restoration by a swarm of talented women. Margaret Hughes and Anne Marshall, and greatest of all, Mary Saunderson, Mrs. Betterton, who, with her husband, made Shakespeare acceptable to audiences avid of lesser and spicier fare. Nell Gwynne comes next, and is awarded the high praise as an actress of hoyden and breeches parts that she won in her own brief day. Next appears Aphra Benn, our first professional woman playwright, who held her own with her male rivals even in the pornography in which they excelled, though she always stoutly maintained that her plays were moral even to dullness. Lastly Miss Gilder deals with the Actress-Managers, Carolina Neuber in Germany, La Montansier in France, and Vestris in England; writing of the latter with an enthusiasm so well supported by evidence that it would be impossible to refuse the claim that she and her husband Mathews were the pioneers of the natural stage. The book, which is well illustrated, is a most welcome addition to the library of the theatre, a work that no future historian of the stage will venture or desire to ignore.

FRANK A. CLEMENT

AN HISTORICAL PAGEANT

Tewkesbury: The Story of Abbey, Town and Neighbourhood. By F. B. Bradley-Birt. Phillips and Probert. 7s. 6d.

IN this agreeable monograph on the Town, Abbey, and historical associations of Tewkesbury, Mr. Bradley-Birt has given us a spirited and popular history of a town which, through the princely houses of which its lordship was an important appanage, figured largely in the story of Plantagenet England. "Popular" is the word used by Mr. Bradley-Birt in his preface to the work, and in so far as it is a record written for our enjoyment no less than for our instruction the word is justified; but as popular history is generally suspect, it may be well to point out that the student and antiquarian will find much in the book to delight them, and that pageant-masters seeking scenes and records for the dramatic display of history will find in its pages a wealth of descriptive and pictorial material.

Save for those who are interested in architecture, or have visited the town, Tewkesbury is but the name of a battle, the last and most fateful of the Wars of the Roses, in which the great Baronage of England went under, and it is, perhaps, the main charm of this monograph that it gives us such vivid pictures of the Baronage in its prime. For the Lords of Tewkesbury throughout its medieval history were second only to the Plantagenets themselves. Of importance even when the Conqueror came, the last Saxon Lord of Tewkesbury had, according to a romantic story, declined the proffered hand of Matilda, daughter of Baldwin, Count of Flanders, and later

wife of the Conqueror, and in revenge that lady obtained a grant of all the Saxon's lands. On her death they lapsed to the crown, and so remained till Rufus granted them to his kinsman, Robert Fitz-Hamon, who was the founder of the great Norman Abbey. Like so many of the Great Norman Barons, Fitz-Hamon had no son; but his daughter married Robert Earl of Gloucester, the natural son of Henry I, and the first man in the kingdom. The male line failed again in the second generation, and the estates passed first to the Crown, on the marriage of the Fitzroy heiress to Prince John, and later, that marriage having been annulled, to the great family of the Clares. The male line again failing, an heiress carried the lordships to the family of le Despencer, whose ultimate heiress took them to the Beauchamps Earls of Warwick, and their heiress to Neville the King maker, and his daughters back again to the Royal House.

The Norman-Plantagenet period occupies at once the longest and most interesting part of the book, but the concluding chapters, which deal with Tudor, Stuart, and Georgian times; with the Abbey as it stands to-day defaced and restored, but still one of the noblest example of Norman ecclesiastical architecture left to us; and with the town of the day, also have an interest of their own. The book is agreeably illustrated.

THE CIVIL ADMINISTRATION OF IRAQ

Mesopotamia 1917-1920. A Clash of Loyalties. By Sir Arnold T. Wilson. Oxford University Press. 25s.

THIS second and concluding volume of Sir Arnold Wilson's history of Mesopotamia from the outbreak of the war to the end of the Arab rebellion against the British in 1920 is even more interesting and stimulating than the first, which finished with the death of General Maude. For it is occupied not so much with fighting as with the efforts of the British conquerors of the Turks in Mesopotamia to erect a system of governance worthy of the feats which had led to that conquest and of the land conquered. Those efforts have hitherto been the subject of much controversy. As everyone is aware, the attempt at direct British administration failed; the politicians, notably President Wilson, decreed that a mandatory system should be set up and self-determination exercised in this historic yet derelict country; and the plans of the Civil Commissioner, Sir Arnold Wilson, were so modified that in the event, as I think Mr. H. St. John Philby has somewhere said, he disdainfully strode off a stage on which he might have been greater than Cromer.

How just is this comparison of the author of this book with Cromer could not possibly be realized, except by those who served in the civil administration of Mesopotamia, until the publication of this full, frank, but always balanced account. For Sir Arnold has been misrepresented and misunderstood. His book is indeed the apologia of a man whose greatness—the word is strictly accurate—was obscured in the years immediately after the war by a singularly ill-informed Press campaign. The author, debarred at the time from making reply, now rounds on his critics, and, as must be confessed by any impartial reader, discomforts them utterly. But there is here much more than an apologia: there is the story of an ideal, the British ideal of facing responsibilities, of grasping the nettle, of providing authority and good government. Sir Arnold very effectively quotes many confidential documents, which prove quite conclusively how liberal were the aims of his administration, and that it was not his practice, but the procrastination, seeming to amount at times to indifference, of the home authorities

towards the constitutional solution of Mesopotamia, which created an atmosphere of uncertainty and suspicion—the very hot-house of revolutionary ideas. The common plea was that nothing could be done until peace had been signed with Turkey. Yet it is worth pointing out that Palestine did not have to wait for the signature of peace with Turkey before a civil regime displaced the military occupation. In Mesopotamia, however, there were no Jews to demand the head of the Commander-in-Chief on a charger.

For those administering the conquered territory during the war—territory from which all the officials of the previous Turkish regime had naturally fled—the task was difficult enough; after the Armistice things became worse. The Kurdish areas in the north of Iraq, not yet legally an integral part of Iraq, were being exploited by Turkish agitators; the Shiah divines, a malevolent, reactionary influence, were disgruntled largely owing to the presence of British forces in their native Persia; and the Nationalists of Iraq—Pan-Arabists rather than Iraqi patriots—were intriguing with Sharifian adherents in Syria for the realization of the ideal so absurdly suggested by President Wilson for “the establishment of national governments and administrations drawing their authority from the initiative and free choice of indigenous populations.” That Iraq progressed in 1918-1920, despite these and other difficulties, through which Englishmen were constantly being killed, is in itself a remarkable tribute to the devotion of the civil administration; that men should have been found, after the long war years, to hold out, week after week, with little guidance but unquestioning faith in their unwearied head, the author of this book, makes a story which may well serve as pattern and inspiration. Their work, with the coming of the mandate and the inauguration of an Arab State in Iraq, appeared to be disregarded, but it was in fact too sound, too well grounded in the essential and unchanging needs of the country, to suffer overthrow. The mandatory regime which followed the civil administration, the regime which is itself, in all probability, to come to an end next year, with the admission of Iraq into the League, owes its very foundations to the work done by these Englishmen during and immediately after the war.

In the technical sense, Sir Arnold Wilson's book is sufficiently noteworthy; this second volume in particular shows an extraordinary mastery in documentation. But its spiritual aspect gives it its greatest title to fame: it is at once apologia, epic, and memorial. A faithful record, it is a record of faith.

KENNETH WILLIAMS

THE DUKE'S BROTHER

The Diary and Correspondence of Henry Wellesley, First Lord Cowley 1790-1846. Edited by his Grandson, Colonel the Hon. F. A. Wellesley. Hutchinson. 21s.

HENRY WELLESLEY, the subject of this book, was a son of the first Earl of Mornington and of Anne, eldest daughter of the first Viscount Duncannon. As such he was a brother of the great Duke of Wellington.

His Lordship lived from 1773 until 1847. In his earlier years, before his elevation to the Peerage, he was a Member of Parliament and he subsequently became Ambassador to Spain, to Austria and to France. He married first a daughter of the first Earl Cadogan and, when that marriage proved a failure, as was always feared by the Wellesley family, he obtained damages amounting to £20,000 against Lord Henry Paget, afterwards Marquis of Anglesey, the marriage being dissolved by Act of Parliament. After a few years, and while he was Ambassador to Spain, Lord

Cowley married the eldest daughter of the first Marquis of Salisbury. It is interesting to note, therefore, that even in those days, a divorce, obtained certainly by the innocent party, was not considered a bar to the holding of first-class diplomatic posts or to a re-marriage with a member of a very well-known family.

The author, Colonel Wellesley, was formerly in the Coldstream Guards and he was Military Attaché at St. Petersburg and First Secretary of Embassy in Vienna. These military and diplomatic qualifications, coupled with the fact that he possesses the diaries and often the private and confidential correspondence of his grandfather, have enabled him to produce an interesting book and to provide his readers with information which has not previously been published.

Lord Cowley served as British Ambassador in Madrid for eleven years; he was there during the later part of the Peninsular War and his work no doubt contributed largely to the success of our military operations. Between 1823 and 1831 his Lordship was in Vienna. It was clear that Prince Metternich desired to place himself at the head of the politics of the Continent, and the British Ambassador was closely mixed up with the countless developments which took place in the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy at that period. In France, where Lord Cowley served from 1835 until 1846, he was present when Queen Victoria paid her visit to King Louis-Philippe at Chateau d'Eu in 1843; he was an eye-witness of the earlier phases of the Franco-Moroccan question and, in 1845, when he was in England for a few weeks, he found the Duke of Wellington much disturbed at the unprepared state of this country in case of war.

The book is lightly but authoritatively written, it is well illustrated with pictures of rulers and statesmen of the day and the index is adequate to meet the requirements of such a volume.

H. CHARLES WOODS

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ECONOMIC ENIGMATICS

Economic Disarmament. By J. H. Richardson. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

Bolshevism at a Deadlock. By Karl Kautsky. Allen and Unwin. 6s.

Moscow has a Plan. By M. Ilin. Cape. 5s.

EACH of these books is based upon a mighty IF. Professor Richardson, whose useful work at the International Labour Office has put him in the way of gaining considerable practical knowledge of the problems he discusses, raises the question: If Europe does not come to an economic understanding on tariffs and the gold standard, and speedily, can a world war be averted? Professor Kautsky, in whom the wish is plainly father to the thought, demands: If the Five Year Plan should fail, what is the nature of the revolution that will overthrow the Soviets? And M. Ilin, whose book, in his own words, is not "epoch-making" but "epoch-indicating" (or, as he might have said, epoch-marking), propounds the uncomfortable theorem: If the Five Year Plan should succeed (and naturally he assures us that it has already done so), what is the further use of our existing system of economics? It is all rather like the celebrated dispute about the Cheshire cat between the King, the Queen, and the executioner, when, as students of the period will remember, the executioner led off with the assertion that you couldn't cut off a head that hadn't got a body, and the king, sweetly reasonable (rather like Professor Richardson, in fact), pointed out that anything with a head could obviously be beheaded, "and you weren't to talk nonsense," and the Queen declared that if something wasn't done about it in less than no time, she'd have everybody executed all round. "It was this last remark that had made the whole party look so grave and anxious."

The three books, in themselves, are of widely different values. Professor Richardson has made a real contribution to economic literature. The other two, though superficially exciting, and in the case of Kautsky's the work of a man of considerable repute, are so violently propagandist as to have no economic value whatever, though considerable interest for their indirect revelation. Thus "Moscow has a Plan" is an object-lesson in how to prepare a textbook for the masses. It is described as a "Soviet Primer." Of its kind, it is a piece of genius. As is the way with propaganda literature, it glosses over difficulties. Its aim is to energize and stimulate; and it does so. Any worker in the Five Year Plan who got up from reading it other than determined to make light of difficulties, and unconvinced of the certainty of success, would need to be suffering from jaundice, spleen, enlarged liver and every other disability that makes for pessimism. Moreover, he would need to be a good economist to see where the pitfalls lay. I am not quite clear how freely the translation has been made, nor why Mr. Kermode, whose woodcuts are a delight, has been brought in to illustrate it. Presumably his drawings and diagrams form no part of the Russian original, and they give certainly fifty per cent. to the value of the book as a piece of book production; the type and lay-out are both good also. Nor have I quite fathomed the purpose of publishing a primer, ostensibly intended for the semi-illiterate masses of Russia, and in any case designed for mass consumption, in a form definitely chosen to catch the attention of the highbrow. Can it be that the publishers are after all mistaken, and that the book was written in the first place less for consumption internally than for display externally? Whatever be the truth, it ought to be read.

Kautsky is so anxious for the Five Year Plan to fail, that we are bound to take his book, like

Ilin's, as the evidence of a prejudiced witness. You would not go to one of the Liberal Council for an entirely unprejudiced view of the aims of Mr. Lloyd George and the Parliamentary Liberal Party. Kautsky is a dissident Communist, or perhaps it would be politer to say, one of the few true Communists in a world of bad Communists, for Kautsky is the disciple of Karl Marx, and took his Communism from the fountain head. Lenin, who early found that, undiluted, Marx would not work, or at least could not be made to work by him, grafted upon it all kinds of practical modifications out of his own head, whereon Kautsky: "I said to myself: 'If Lenin is right, then my whole life's work, devoted to the propagation, application and further development of the ideas of my great masters, Marx and Engels, has been in vain.'" It is a pity. The fact seems to be that Kautsky is still living in the past, while the world is hurrying on.

Professor Richardson's book ought to be put on the syllabus of every secondary school. It is written with admirable clarity and an absence of bias, political or scientific, that is rare. How far the subject of economics is seriously taught in schools I am not aware. It should be regarded as indispensable to the study both of geography and of modern history. With the tariff issue so prominently before the country, there are, no doubt, difficulties in the way of making the subject compulsory; though properly considered, that is all the more reason why it should be taught. So many people have closed their minds to argument, that it is too much to say that 'Economic Disarmament' will exercise an influence in the controversy now upon us; but those who are not afraid to know the position and trend of world economics will be well repaid for their outlay in buying it.

REGINALD BERKELEY

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A PHILOSOPHICAL HISTORY

The English Revolution: An Introduction to English History 1603-1714. By Idris Deane Jones. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

TO write a book which deals with a difficult phase of constitutional development, and to make it so interesting that the general reader will be magnetized, and so plain that the wayfaring man will not err, is a feat. Mr. Jones merits all praise for an historical work of the first rank, both as to scholarship and style.

It is not, however, for the purpose of gathering a harvest of historical facts that the reader should take up the book. Adequate knowledge of the period dealt with is assumed. It is the interpretation of the facts with which Mr. Jones is concerned. Indeed, the much-misused title of "philosophical history" may be with justice applied to this work, for Mr. Jones has a theory as to the constitutional process worked out between 1603 and 1714, and he essays to show how each successive item in the programme, and every personality taking part, contributed something (even though often unconsciously) to its working.

The main theory is in summary this. The system established in 1588 was "the joint and harmonious rule of King and Parliament." (Of course, qualifications to this general statement are supplied by Mr. Jones.) From various causes this system broke down under the early Stuarts, and final collapse came in 1649. Thereafter the effort to set up two separate ruling powers—Protector and Parliament—failed, and the "Restoration Compromise," an effort to restore joint rule, was abortive. There followed the "Revolution that succeeded"—1688, with the restoration of the joint rule of Parliament and throne, in effect the system which with modification and adjustment has remained till to-day. True, it was not quite the earlier system that came back. The division of powers was different. The emphasis was now, and was progressively to be, on Parliament rather than on the throne. But essentially the old principle was reaffirmed.

From the main theory consequences follow. For one thing, the events from 1649 to 1688 are merely an interlude; and further there is a necessary restudy of the motives and characters of many of the actors in the drama, and of the significance of many of the events. This task, too, Mr. Jones performs with remarkable skill. It is fascinating to follow his analysis of the motives of Charles I and of those who opposed him, or of Charles II and his successor; and his explanation of how these individual tributaries helped to swell (or check) the stream of evolutionary progress as previously defined. In fact, we feel at the end that we have a finished picture before us. The outline was provided first. Then each detail has been wrought out, its own special character and its place in the whole made clear. So we are able to look upon a mosaic completed to the last item—or, changing the figure, upon a landscape scene from which no single feature is lacking.

One small criticism. The section-headings in the table of contents—such as "The Despotism that failed," "The Revolution that succeeded" etc.—are not repeated in the body of the book. Unless the reader happens to look back, he misses the help these headings afford, and may fail to realize that he has reached a landing and been started up a fresh stair.

Readers who have any difficulty in obtaining copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW are asked to communicate direct with the Publisher, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

SHORTER NOTICES

A Little About Leech. By Gordon Tidy. Constable. 19s. 6d.

JOHN LEECH was a star of *Punch* in days when hunting, the chief subject of this book, was more often pictured than now. The illustrations and comments will give the latest generation a good idea of his admirable gift for drawing horses, hunting scenes and children. His life was uneventful and his biographers have made little of it. Kitton was not a man of critical gifts and Dr. John Brown was sentimental about a dear, kind artist who kept off dubious subjects. Mr. Tidy rambles into some idle speculations, but his essay is entertaining and should help those who wish to go further.

Devil's Island. By W. E. Allison-Booth. Putnam's. 10s. 6d.

IT is fairly easy, and unfortunately very popular nowadays, to write a book which will horrify and startle the reading public. Mr. Allison-Booth has done all this and more; but whereas he has written a book which should and probably will horrify his readers, he convinces them that what he has written is essentially true. Even more important, although he fully intended to shock his public, his motive was not the authorship of a "dreadful" book, but rather the showing up of a system of torture still existing in the twentieth century. And as one reads of this convict manacled to a tree until he dies of snake bites; that prisoner stripped to the waist and tied in the sun, without shade or shelter and slowly driven mad by the dreaded sun cure; the horrors still remain horrors, but they bring a great pity for the poor convicted wretches, who, having sinned against society, some wittingly, others unwittingly, are

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paying for it hour by hour, day by day, year by year, in the shape of medieval torture; in an agony of mind and body.

Devil's Island is a blot on the fair name of France, but it is only fair to surmise that French men and women do not know of the horrors that are being committed in the name of France, and they should be grateful to the author of 'Devil's Island' for having brought the facts of the case to their notice and thus given them the chance to put an end to the horrors and torments of their penal settlements.

The Shadow of Henry Irving. By Henry Arthur Jones. Richards Press. 6s.

"A GREAT actor, a great personality, a great man—let nothing I shall say hereafter diminish Henry Irving's right to these ascriptions." When a biographer starts off in this way, you may be fairly certain that something in the nature of chastisement is coming later on. And when the writer is as fiery and polemical as Henry Arthur Jones was, the chastisement is likely to be scorpionic. And so it no doubt would have been had he lived to write that final chapter, in which Irving was to have been shown up as "the greatest enemy of the English drama." That all we have are some pages of rough notes for the indictment, matters very little now; the Irvingist conception of the drama, as a form of histrionic exhibitionism, is as dead as mutton; and those who are curious to understand what it consisted of can find it in Gordon Craig's devotional biography, where we are invited to applaud the great Sir Henry for regarding an "awful" melodrama like 'The Lyons Mail,' or any play that was "mere bones strung together," as "preferable to better-written stuff." Apart from its notes, this book consists of a sane and critical appreciation of Irving as actor, personality and man: an appreciation that is neither the insincere generosity of an opponent nor the whooping hosanna which, in Gordon Craig's book, makes its hero so incredibly repulsive and ridiculous. Indeed, instead of being the sensational exposure of a national idol it was planned to be, this lively little monograph may have the paradoxical result of raising Irving in contemporary opinion, and removing the scepticism of those who never saw him act, but are none the less confident that he "must have been the world's worst actor!"

Digging Up the Past. By C. Leonard Woolley. Benn. 6s.

AS an untiring publicist for archæology Mr. Woolley does his beloved science much good. He teaches the uninstructed (who get their only archæological thrills from splash headlines on Tutankhamen, gold, silver and precious stones) that the archæologist provides material for increasing and elaborating human history; and keeping that lesson constantly in mind he details in this new book the methods of archæology in the field. His illustrations are drawn chiefly but not entirely from his own work at Ur, and everyone who has read of his gradual unearthing of a great parent (if not the parent) civilization of the world will read with pleasure of the multitudinous duties of those who lead such expeditions. The management of digging gangs (for which the foremen and pick-men have to be carefully trained), the giving of baksheesh for "finds," the amount being assessed on what dealers might pay to dishonest pick-men, and many other matters of organization add heavily to the actual business of directing, surveying, photographing, recording and the preliminary preservation of any objects discovered. Mr. Woolley does well to insist on two facts: that field archæology is a logical process as much as a matter of luck; that excavation is destruction. Any evidence that the archæologist does not note has vanished for ever. If he does not work with scientific exactitude and completeness, he is no more or less than a fraud.

PHRYNÉ

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Medallions. Translated by Richard Aldington. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.

BY scholarship and verse craftsmanship, Mr. Richard Aldington is well furnished for the delicate work of turning poems of the Greek Anthology and Latin poems of the Renaissance into English. Here he has reprinted four thin volumes, his translations of Anyte, of Tegea, of Meleager (a poet after his heart), of the Anacreonta, and of several Latin lyric writers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. His versions are in prose, but prose of an excellent simplicity, devoid (is it necessary to say?) of all the translator's archaisms and clichés. Here, for instance, is a poem from Meleager:

O Stars, O Moon shining so beautifully to lovers, O night and you, small pipe, companion of my feasts, shall I find her still awake in bed, complaining to the lamp? Or has she another beside her?

If so, I will hang upon her door these suppliant wreaths watered with my tears and I will write on them: "To you Aphrodite, Meleager, initiate in your mysteries, dedicates these spoils of his love."

One thing would have made this book a double delight: the presence, page by page, of the original Greek and Latin.

Europe's Two Frontiers. By John Gould Fletcher. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.

WORKING upon a somewhat arbitrary theory of Europe in danger of being crushed between the upper and nether millstones of American commercial provincialism and Russian sentimental Bolshevism, between Lenin and Babbit, Mr. Fletcher has drawn a most interesting comparison between the modern cultures of Russia and the United States; and if we are not particularly scared by the "steam rollers" with which he threatens us, his historical survey in which he notes the parallel progress of American and Russian literature is both arresting and exciting. Mr. Fletcher, unlike the average politician discussing international relations, at any rate recognizes the importance of literature as an indication of a nation's point of view, and the power of ideas to alter the course of history. Nevertheless, dangerous as Lenin and Babbit and the ideas they stand for may be, the combined genius of Europe should be able successfully to withstand either a Rotarian or a Marxian invasion; for, after all, we, unlike our Western and Eastern neighbours, were not born yesterday, and have centuries of real culture to set against their reach-me-down ethic and economics. Apart, however, from its argument and conclusions, Mr. Fletcher's book is well worth reading if only for its wealth of literary and historical allusion.

The Social and Emotional Development of the Pre-school Child. By Katharine M. B. Bridges. Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.

THIS laborious but by no means tiresome study, the result of three years' observation, in school hours, of about fifty children of English-speaking Canadians, has the advantage of over seventy snapshots, in almost all of which the tiny McGill scholars appear to be unconscious of the camera. The method, though tentative, is not controversial, and the writer is fully aware of the pitfalls of statistics. She establishes the nature of early reaction to environment, and from an undifferentiated emotion, excitement, present at birth, and splitting into distress and delight, deduces the rudimentary emotions of childhood, which we can recognize in ourselves. In particular, her definition of affection ("response to caresses"), her remarks on tears ("the cry of real pain or fright or intense anger without any alleviating circumstances in sight is a dry cry"), and her treatment of laughter, as involving a previous slightly displeasing experience, are helpful and stimulating. One leaves the book with the sense of having met a personality not anxious to be original, and caring more for truth than anything else.

THE "SATURDAY" COMPETITIONS NEW SERIES—XL

Since the Editor was lately saluted in verse by competitors, certain anonymous members of the Staff have felt themselves slighted. To placate them, we offer a First Prize of Three Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas for the two best Epitaphs on a Competition Judge.

Prose or Verse may be employed, and any (printable) language used, but persons who are unable to express themselves adequately in English, French or Latin should send approximate translations with their entries, which should not exceed one hundred words in length. The epitaphs may employ the language of resignation, irony, condemnation, or even praise.

Competitors are recommended to adopt a pseudonym, and to enclose their name and address in a sealed envelope. Every entry must be accompanied by a coupon, which will be found in this or any subsequent issue.

The closing date of this competition will be Monday, July 27, and it is hoped to announce the result in September.

RESULT OF COMPETITION XXVI

The SATURDAY REVIEW offered prizes of seven, four and three guineas for the three best sonnets submitted.

JUDGE'S REPORT

The sonnet form seems an inducement to lofty vagueness, to utterances which float in the stratosphere with nothing concrete to nail them to earth. The number of sonnets submitted was very large, but the number with any explicit and tangible imagery was extraordinarily small. There is no rule in sonnet writing which says you must be ethereal, you must deal in personifications such as Love, Charity, Fate, which have no precise referential value. There is nothing compelling you into one mood or making you observe strict sense division of octet and sestet into statement and application. I looked, therefore, for prizewinners among those who were not obedient to the notion that form matters more than content. The choice narrowed quickly. Doon, R. F. A., and Chelidon had something to say, but their sonnets were eliminated by a common feebleness of rhyme scheme (sonneteers should eschew lie, sky, by, dry, men, then, again, came, flame, shame, etc., out of kindness to weary words); and the first prize goes to Ekim for having the courage to be satirical and direct. Ex Uno's garden sonnet, which takes second prize, is the middle one of a sequence, but if it is vague, its vagueness and "atmosphere" are not out of keeping with its subject. Casa Guidi's "trembling worms" are rather a stumbling block, but 'The Sphinx' deserves third prize for its directness and imagination.

FIRST PRIZE

THE EXHIBITION

Here picture jostles picture, diverse hoard—
These nymphs are dancing to the satyr's note;
That portrait?—An industrial prince, a lord—
Albeit he wears a coarse, ill-fitting coat:
Here shimmering river thro' the cornfield steals,
Translated there to still-life, "Cakes and Beer"—
Art beckoning to commerce; Art that reveals
The artist true;—and mirth-provoking smear.
And various as the pictures is the crowd—
This student who disdains a catalogue;
That girl engrossed in hers; this woman loud,
Who entertains her friends and bores her dog;
The art-collector, skilled in acquisition;
Art, artists, public—all on exhibition!

Ekim

WHAT BOOKS DO YOU READ ?

¶ Year by year statistics show a staggering increase in the number of books published. Reviewers are overpowered by the flood of print, and several well-known critics have yearned for another fire of Alexandria.

¶ The average reader now relies on expert guidance to help him to sift the grain from the chaff. A few papers, like the *MORNING POST*, have taken it upon themselves to provide their readers with a comprehensive literary service and to introduce them to books that are worth reading.

¶ The *MORNING POST*'s special feature—Books of the Day—is eagerly read by all who are interested in contemporary literature. These articles, written by some of the ablest critics of the day, contain intelligent and entertaining criticism in place of the more usual reviewer's jargon. The book lover has learned to associate with the criticisms of the *MORNING POST* sound judgment, good taste and intelligent selection. To thousands of people the *MORNING POST* is a helpful, resourceful librarian.

¶ Publishers also read the *MORNING POST*'s notices with the greatest interest, for they know the influence these critiques have on their sales. The reason is to be found in the *MORNING POST* readership. The *MORNING POST* is read regularly by the educated and monied classes—by people who are confirmed book lovers and who are in the habit of *buying* books. Thus the book pages of the *MORNING POST* present an ideal medium for the publisher who wishes to sell more good books.

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CROSS WORD PUZZLE—XXXI

"HIDDEN QUOTATION"

By MOPO

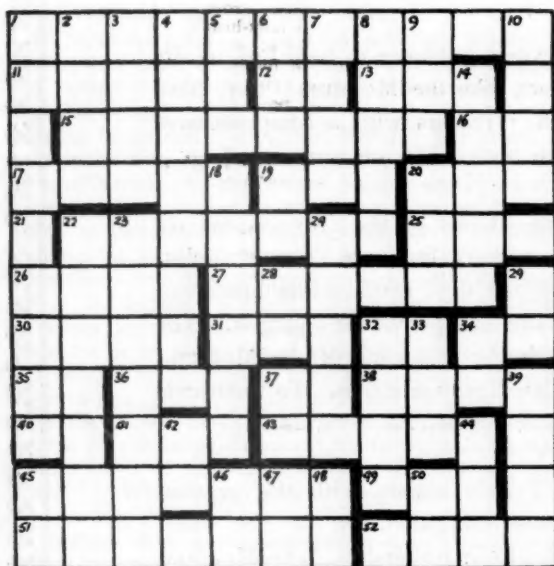
A weekly prize of any book reviewed or advertised in the current issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, not exceeding half a guinea, will be given for the first correct solution opened. The name of the book selected must be enclosed with the solution; also the full name and correct postal address of the competitor.

Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following publication. Envelopes must be marked "Cross Word" and addressed to the Cross Word Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, W.C.2.

The following numbers form a quotation from the poems of Wm. Blake:

24, 24, 45a, 27,
42, 25, 22a, 37d, 25, 14,
32d, 4, 38, 29, 44,
39, 43, 49, 22d, 15.

The clues to some of these words are missing.



Across.

CLUES.

1. Favourite method of "spotting the winner."
- 11 and 13. Food for Arctic explorers.
- 12 and 13. Mexican rat that becomes a bird when it eats nothing.
15. "Try my ems" to give due proportion for your writing.
16. Bachelor's idea of baby.
17. Old source of 11 and 13.
19. "Poetry! that's the way some chaps put up an i——, But I takes mine 'straight without sugar,' and that's what's the matter with me."
20. In this this kissage, it has been said, is governed by favouritism.
- 21 and 26. A Scout's "Attention"!
22. Game preserves.
25. A decimal fraction after 16 rev.
27. Refulgent.
30. Forsyte tale.
31. Horse that will annoy continually.
32. See 34a.
34. Excrecence included in 32a.
35. You can have me got for slang.
36. Bishop Still prayed for enough of this.
37. Progenitor of our present language.
38. Skill is shown in possession here.
40. A Master with only half his pack.
41. You must lick me before I enter your club.

43. "So rounds he to a separate mind
From whence clear memory may begin,
As thro' the —— that binds him in
His isolation grows defined."
45. Joan chose this rather than imprisonment.
51. These games have been revived of recent years.
52. Pintail-duck.

Down.

1. Balm of Gilead.
- 2 and 6. Great Britain is this.
3. Marsh Tortoise.
4. "No, thou canst not hear: Thou art ——, and this tongue is known only to those who die."
5. I am furthest from the nave in a wheel, but the principal part in an Italian river.
7. One who was this could not say 45d, even to a gosling.
8. A crescent moon in setting leaves tars on shore (hidden).
9. Say me for a lamprey.
10. This bunting is yellow in colour.
14. Affliction or sorrow that may come from any thing.
18. These dried pods are apparently two beaked.
19. This is a little from the sign.
20. Head-dress in disarray that is a self-feeding furnace with 34d and 29.
22. "Methought I saw a thousand —— wracks:
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon."
23. This music comes from a collection of pipes.
24. I smiled when the lady became an inside passenger.
28. Eminent painter.
29. See 20d.
33. "Ah, ——! ah, ——! thou'll get thy fairin'!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!"
34. See 20d and 46.
39. This devil is a rash fellow.
44. An obsolete brood.
45. See 7.
46. Type that has been upset upset.
47. A little grace is wanted here before 34d reversed.
48. I add up to five hundred.
50. The King! God bless Him!

SOLUTION OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. XXX

B	R	A	G	G	A	D	O	C	I	O
O	R	O	L	L	I	N	G		V	
R	O		R	U	B	L	E		K	E
D	R	E	A	M		U	R	G	E	R
R	I	L	L		S	T	O	N	E	S
A	G	A		L	I	E		A	L	E
G	A	T	H	E	R		C	R	E	E
I	N	E	P	T		T	I	R	R	S
N	S		O	T	O	H	P		S	
G		N	O		M	O	S		S	P
S	C	O	T	O	G	R	A	P	H	S

HIDDEN PROVERB.

"Rolling stones gather no moss."

NOTES.

- Across.
10. Song, 'Away you rolling river.'
 13. Anagram of "bluer."
 15. 'Richard III,' V, 3.
 20. 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' I, 1.
 22. 'As You Like It,' V, 4.
 23. 'Henry V,' IV, 7.
 27. I(nep)t.
- Down.
7. Onerous.
 16. "Is not puffed up," Corinthians xiii. 4.
 26. Aspic reversed.
 25. H.P. = High Priest, and "too" = over.
 33. 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' II, 31.

RESULT OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. XXX

Fifty per cent. of the competitors apparently did not read the conditions of the competition, as they did not submit a clue for the word "gather." The prize is awarded to Mr. Richard Wilson, of "Ascalon," Little Eaton, Derby, for his clue:

24. "Draw up to split a sovereign on two articles!" He has chosen for his prize, 'Harvest in Poland,' by Geoffrey Dennis. (Heinemann, 5s.)

Clues submitted by the following are highly commended: Miss Ida Jenkins, Lady Duke, E. V. Teesdale, Miss L. Lancaster. Miss Parkinson and Miss Freeson both submitted first-rate clues, but each had an error in the cross word.

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From Hobo to Cannibal King by C. J. Thornhill. 18s. for 8s. 6d.

Famous Curses by Elliott. 18s. for 9s. 6d.

Faust, with Coloured Plates, by Willy Pogany. 21s. for 7s. 6d.

Flaubert's *Salambo*. Illustrated and Decorated by Mahlon Blaine. Enclosed in a case. 21s. for 9s. 6d.

The Coaching Era by Violet Wilson, with 15 illustrations from Old Pictures and Prints. 12s. 6d. for 7s.

Biographical Dictionary of Old English Music by Jeffrey Pulver. 1927. 25s. for 10s. 6d.

Sir Richard Burton's *Tales from the Gulistan*. 1928. 10s. 6d. for 5s. 6d. Curious illus.

Amusements. Serious and Comical and other Works by Tom Brown. Illus. with reproductions of 16 contemporary engravings. 1927. 25s. for 12s.

A Dickens Dictionary by A. J. Philip and W. Laurence Gadd. 1928. 21s. for 9s. 6d.

D. H. Lawrence. *Mornings in Mexico*. 1927. 7s. 6d. for 4s.

D. H. Lawrence and M. L. Skinner. *The Boy in the Bush*. 1924. 7s. 6d. for 4s.

D. H. Lawrence. *The Lost Girl*. 1925. 9s. for 4s.

Lenotre. *The Guillotine and its Servants*. 21s. for 8s.

— *The September Massacres of 1792*. 21s. for 8s.

Lewis Spence. *The Mysteries of Britain*. 10s. 6d. for 8s.

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ACROSTICS

PUBLISHER'S PRIZE

The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the acrostic appears.

RULES

1. The book must be chosen when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 484

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, July 18)

ONE IN OUR PONDS ROWS BRISKLY ON HIS BACK;
ONE ON OUR TUBERS RUIN BRINGS AND RACK.

1. This light, my friends, is wondrous hard to catch.
2. Behead a squire: we ne'er shall meet his match.
3. Don't get this wrong! Proverbially it's right.
4. Core of what palsies faint-hearts in a fight.
5. Taken, implies you're hoping to come back.
6. Poor soles! you're in for many a heavy whack.
7. Blot out's the word: the learned one must go!
8. Set it, and we may hope to beat the foe.
9. To whom it's due, Paul said, it must be paid.
10. From me those frequent calls to prayer are made.
11. Amphibian Peter Pan, full growth ne'er reaching.
12. Too stupid: do not waste on him your teaching.

Solution of Acrostic No. 482

F or Bear¹ 1 John xviii. 10.
bL Ow 2 Cf. the popular saying: "Life's not all
A rchway Ay beer and skittles."
N e T 3 "The name of TATTERSALL is not only
saN lty high, but of long standing in the sporting
Exploration world; and everything connected with this
L ayia G splendid establishment is conducted in the
S kittle S^a most gentlemanly manner. The founder of
H owda H these premises was, during his time,
I mp Ostor viewed as one of the best judges of horse-
R ic E flesh in the kingdom; and, as a proof of
TattersallS^a it, he made his fortune by a horse called
HIGFLYER." 'Life in London,' by
Pierce Egan (1821)

ACROSTIC No. 482.—The winner is Mr. A. de V. Blathwayt, Bath and County Club, Bath, who has selected as his prize 'The Scent of Death,' by Morley Roberts, published by Nash and Grayson and reviewed by H. C. Harwood in our columns on June 27. Three other competitors named this book, twenty-one chose 'Memoirs of a Polygot,' eleven 'Millicent Garrett Fawcett,' by Ray Strachey, ten 'Spanish Baroque Art,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Ali, E. Barrett, Bobs, Mrs. R. H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Carlton, Bertram R. Carter, Maud Crowther, Farsdon, Fossil, Ganes, Gay, Glamis, T. Hartland, Miss E. Hearnden, Iago, Jeff, Miss Kelly, Madge, Martha, Met, Mrs. Milne, Lady Mottram, Penelope, Peter, F. M. Petty, Rabbits, Shorwell, St. Ives, Tyro, H. M. Vaughan, Miss Marjorie Wilson.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Boris, Buns, Miss Carter, Clam, Exarch, E. J. Fincham, Cyril E. Ford, Lilian, N. O. Sellam, Rand, Shrub, Sisyphus, Miss K. Snelus, Trinculo.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Barberry, J. Chambers.

Light 3 baffled 7 solvers; Light 6, 5; Light 8, 3; Lights 2, 5, and 11, 1.

BORIS.—By the heart, core or pith of a word you are to understand the two (or three) middle letters, not more.

RAND AND K. S.—Curtailling means cutting off the last letter of a word, but never more than one letter.

¶ A number of solutions to competitions are disqualified every week because they reach the Editor too late for adjudication. Competitors are asked to note the closing dates of the competitions and to post their solutions in good time.

THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

WHATEVER the final upshot of Mr. Hoover's moratorium scheme may be, and however helpful his gesture may prove from a psychological point of view, one fact emerges from the recent crisis, and that is the parlous conditions prevailing in Central European banking circles. Admittedly, general economic conditions during the past eighteen months have had a devastating effect. At the same time, it would seem that the fundamental basis on which these banks are administered leaves room for considerable improvement. It would appear that at least many months must pass before the position of these banks is definitely righted, despite the helpful nature of the credit palliatives that, doubtless, will be provided where they are needed.

We, in this country, are fortunate in the solidity of our banks, and in the fact that the ultra-conservative manner in which their funds are handled renders the possibility of their finding themselves in a similar position to the Central European banks negligible. In view of this fact, it seems a strange moment to choose to criticize the policy adopted by our bankers, yet it would be foolish to deny the fact that they are just now very frequently and generally subjected to adverse criticism. The basis of this appears to be a belief that they are unreasonable in their demands for the repayment of loans and the provision of collateral security.

The one word dear to the heart of the bankers in this country is "liquidity." Frozen credits are shunned like the plague. The policy that this leads to is, unquestionably, a source of great strength to the country, even though it may be of equally great inconvenience to the borrower. The banker looks upon himself as a middleman. He borrows money, which he relends, and for his services he obtains a commission in the form of receiving more interest than he pays. At the same time, he is employing his customers' funds, and he places in the front rank of his programme a policy of safety, so that, no matter what financial crisis may materialize, he is not jeopardizing the funds that have been left with him for safe custody. Surely this is the primary function of a banker?

During recent weeks we have passed through a period which history is likely to describe as verging on the most serious financial crisis the world has ever known. During this period there has never, even among the wildest rumour-mongers, been as much as a whisper detrimental to the standing of our big banks. Surely here we have the answer to the criticisms that are being expressed! The banks have always adopted a sound and conservative policy, and in times of stress it is this policy which has done much to save the position, not merely in this country but throughout the world. Banking is a difficult subject, and is not very generally understood. If one could take critics and sentence them to a period of months during which they were to work in a bank, much of the criticism would not be repeated. Academic financial critics differ as to the fundamental causes of the world's depression. It is felt, however, that the fact that London retains its position as financial centre of the world, despite the parlous condition of its basic industries, its heavy taxation, and its load of national debt, is very largely attributable to the solidity and soundness of its banks.

In these circumstances, it is submitted that, while one naturally wishes the banks to be as generous as possible to borrowers during difficult days, it would be foolhardy to ask them for a reversal of a policy, which, taking the broad view, has brought so many advantages in its train.

IMPERIAL TOBACCO

Later in the present month the interim dividend of the Imperial Tobacco Company of Great Britain and Ireland for the year to end on October 31 will be announced. There appears little doubt that the rate will be the same as last year, 7 per cent. free of tax, when, in addition, shareholders received a final dividend of 9 per cent. and a bonus of 7½ per cent., making a total of 23½ per cent. tax free for the year. This company has so far, it is believed, not had its revenue earning capacity seriously impaired by general conditions. It is most conservatively and ably managed, and at the present level Imperial Tobacco ordinary shares appear an extremely sound and attractive industrial holding.

MORRIS MOTORS

The capital of Morris Motors Limited consists of 3,000,000 7½ per cent. cumulative preference shares and 2,000,000 ordinary shares, all of £1 each. In view of the fact that at the present level these preference shares show a yield in the neighbourhood of 6½ per cent., it is suggested that they constitute a reasonable holding for mixing purposes. For 1930 the company's profits were £1,303,308, some £18,000 higher than for the previous year. This amount was sufficient to cover the preference dividend more than five times. The company has built up a reserve fund of £2,000,000, and a reserve for contingencies of £517,020. The last balance-sheet showed that the company's holdings of Government securities were valued at £2,802,625, which is not far short of the company's preference share capital.

ASHANTI GOLDFIELDS

That the directors of the Ashanti Goldfields Corporation would adopt a conservative policy as regards their interim dividend payment was a foregone conclusion, with the result that last week's declaration of 30 per cent. interim on the capital increased by the recently distributed 50 per cent. capital bonus, which compared with 35 per cent. last year, was deemed satisfactory. Of more importance, however, was the development report for the month of June, which included very satisfactory results on the lower levels of the mine. Despite the rise that has occurred in these shares, it would appear that holders should retain their interests.

TIN

Perusal of the speech made by Mr. John Howeson, at the third ordinary general meeting of the Anglo-Oriental Mining Corporation, confirms my belief that we have seen the worst of the tin position and that one is justified in believing that the price of the metal will recover to a more economic level than is existing at present. Holders of tin shares have had to exercise very considerable patience. It is to be hoped that in due course they will be rewarded. Meanwhile, those who wish to interest themselves in tin mining shares should walk warily and select shares of cheap producers.

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IMPERIAL BANK OF PERSIA

EFFECT OF GOVERNMENT CONTROL MEASURES

The forty-second ordinary general meeting of the Imperial Bank of Persia was held on July 3 at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C.

Sir Hugh S. Barnes, K.C.S.I., K.C.V.O. (chairman of the bank), presided.

The chairman said:—Gentlemen,—I assume as usual that you will take the reports and accounts as read, and before I deal with the figures in our balance-sheet, you will, I think, be interested to hear how we have fared in our relations with the Persian Government during the past year.

You will remember that the Government Commission appointed under the Act of February, 1930, fixed the rate of exchange at 60 krans to the pound, and we were permitted to share with the National Bank the exchange available. Owing, however, to the continued fall in the value of silver, it was found impossible to maintain this rate, and later in the year it was raised by the Commission to 90 krans to the pound. This is still the rate at which the banks are bound to operate, but, in spite of the efforts made to reduce the volume of imports, the value of the kran has fallen to a still lower level, with the result that importers and exporters have been dealing with each other in the bazaars at rates well over 100, and consequently the exchange offered to the banks has steadily diminished in amount.

FOREIGN TRADE MONOPOLY

This was the position up to February 24 last, when the Persian Majlis passed an Act of one clause, which I will quote *in extenso*. It runs as follows:—

"From the date of ratification of this Act the foreign trade of the country becomes a Government monopoly. The right to import and export all natural and industrial products, and to fix a temporary or permanent quota for imports and exports, will be ceded to the Government. The Government can, until ratification of the Annex to this Act, prevent the entry into Persia of foreign merchandise."

A fortnight later a supplementary Act was passed, prescribing in detail the methods in which the import and export of foreign goods would be allowed. Neither imports nor exports can take place without a permit, and in the regulations issued under the Act it was laid down that all exporters of Persian produce must sell their foreign exchange to the Government at the official rate and sell it only through the National Bank, which was entrusted with the purchase of exchange on account of the Government. This provision would, of course, deprive the Imperial Bank of all interest in foreign exchange, and we at once pointed out to the Government that it was not only opposed to the spirit of our concession, but was also directly contrary to the promise made to us in writing at the time of the sale of our note concession that we would not be placed in a position inferior to that of the National Bank.

I am glad to say that the Persian Government, as might be expected, admitted that a mistake had been made and undertook that the regulations would be amended.

I need hardly say that the prosperity of an exchange bank like ours depends largely on the volume and prosperity of Persian trade. It is, therefore, naturally our desire to co-operate with, and assist the Persian Government to the best of our ability in any measures designed to improve the trade of the country, and our services will always be at their disposal.

THE BALANCE-SHEET

Turning to the balance-sheet, it will be noticed that the total has decreased by £2,258,818. There has been, of course, a decrease in business owing to the world prices of Persia's exports. But it is the restrictions caused by the Government's control of exchange and trade that concern us most, and are likely to prove our greatest difficulty. Apart from this the greater part of the reduction is accounted for by the difference between the adjusting rates of the two years, as referred to in the directors' report.

Similarly, deposits show an apparent decrease of £1,316,829, but in local currency the fall is only equivalent to about £400,000. This decrease is explained by the withdrawal of Government Funds. Bills payable, endorsements, etc., are less by only £93,366. Most of the items making up this figure are in sterling, and so are unaffected by the rate of exchange.

On the other side of the account, cash in hand, at branches and short notice, etc., is down £1,975,503; on the other hand investments are up some £950,290. The difference of a million odd is fully accounted for by the fall in the rate of exchange.

Bills discounted, loans, and advances, etc., are down by £506,588, and bills receivable by £610,854. Both decreases are attributable to the difference in rates and the general depression in trade.

Turning to the profit and loss account, the net profit at £93,012, which is arrived at after making ample provision for bad and doubtful debts, shows a drop of £31,266, which, in view of the difficulties encountered during the year, the directors do not consider unsatisfactory.

The Report and Accounts were adopted.

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